SHOWTIME

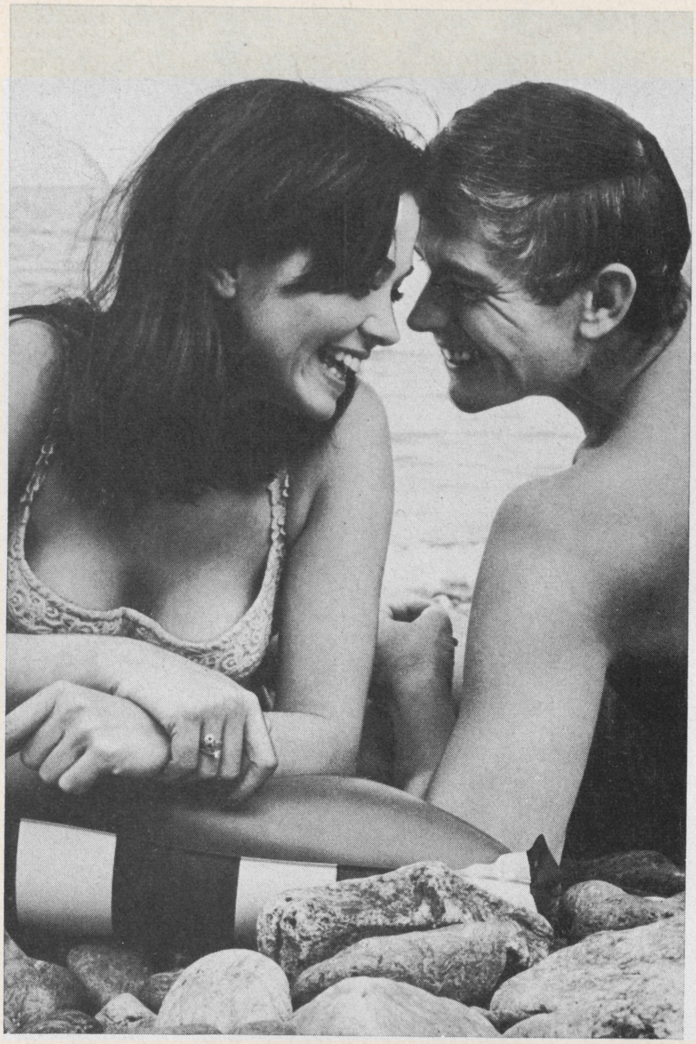
THE TOP FILM MONTHLY / JULY 1967 1/-

CAINE FROM A TO Z

MORECAMBE AND WISE GO TO WAR

WHO WILL BE THE NEXT JAMES BOND?

Too skinny to enjoy the summer?



take SUPER WATE-ON

You don't need to feel unhappy and left out of things *because you are skinny*. You can put on pounds and inches of healthy, firm flesh – *by taking SUPER WATE-ON.*

SUPER WATE-ON is a concentration of weight-building calories, fortified with vitamins B_1, B_2, B_6, B_{12} and D_2. It helps build up your whole body. *You look better. And you feel better,* with the extra energy and zest that come with extra weight. SUPER WATE-ON is the best reason there is for you to stop worrying about being skinny. Start a course of SUPER WATE-ON today. Weigh yourself first, then get SUPER WATE-ON from your local chemist.

Recommended prices: Emulsion (strawberry flavour) or tablets (banana flavour) 22/6 per packet. Also regular WATE-ON, 17/6 per packet. Dendron Distributors Ltd., Watford, Herts.

inside

JULY 1967—No. 43 (Vol. 4, No. 7)

SHOWTIME

Editor **Peter Tipthorp** ● *Assistant Editor* **Tony Crawley**
Senior Art Editor **Edwin Gillbe** ● *Art Editor* **Michael Alkins**
Advertisement Manager: **June Crockford**

★★★Mike Caine Supplement!

22 ANATOMY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR CAINE

24 AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT

28 CAINE'S GIRLS

A special, exclusive run-down—from A to Z—of Britain's most popular star.

★Star Features

8 CHAOS

Morecambe and Wise are revolting—revolution-wise, that is.

13 CRITICS?

Director Joseph Mankiewicz discusses his work—and the critics.

14 WATCH OUT FOR THIS GIRL

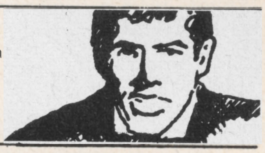
It's Suzy Kendall—and this is her finest year yet!

18 NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Oliver Reed and Michael Crawford take the stand . . .

20 FLINT FIGHTS BACK

Devilish Derek returns to the screen—with girls galore.



37 I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW?

Meet Hayley Mills latest screen boy-friend.

38 I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE

So says Hollywood's newest bathing beauty, Rosemary Forsyth.

40 IT TAKES GUTS TO SPEND A MILLION!

That's Yul Brynner's view about his new British epic.

44 WHO CAN TAKE OVER FROM CONNERY?

Well, who can? If you know, write and tell us.

■Regular Features

6 TONY CRAWLEY
32 DISCS
10 FILMS
36 RAYMONDO

NEXT MONTH:

Nancy Sinatra talks about her life and her father . . . Dirk Bogarde takes stock . . . and Dick Lester goes to war—with Michael Crawford and John Lennon.

ON SALE: JULY 23

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 16s. (£1 for overseas) post free. Send money and details to: Miss M. Regnart, Rank Theatres Ltd., 439-445 Godstone Road, Whyteleafe, Surrey.

WHICH GIRL WEARS THE GREEN UNIFORM?

Both do. Sunny beaches in exciting places may be part of life for a girl in the W.R.A.C. But there's much more to it than just enjoying yourself.

There's the challenge and satisfaction of doing a really worthwhile job. In fact, there are as many as 30 different jobs for a girl in the W.R.A.C. Many lead to overseas postings in exciting places like Singapore, Germany and Hong Kong. All of them have the extra interest and companionship of a career in the W.R.A.C. As a long term or short term job, you'll find you enjoy the life and appreciate the pay and the prospects which go with the green uniform. If you are between 17 and 33, why not find out more about life in the W.R.A.C? Post this coupon to-day.

TO: W.R.A.C. CAREERS, DEPT. MP 6, LANSDOWNE HOUSE, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Please send me further information about the W.R.A.C.

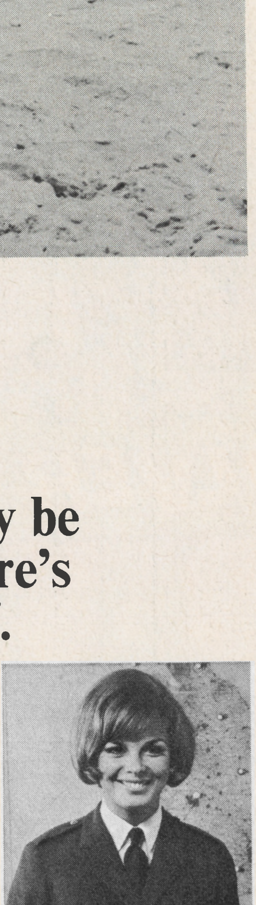
NAME.. DATE OF BIRTH..................

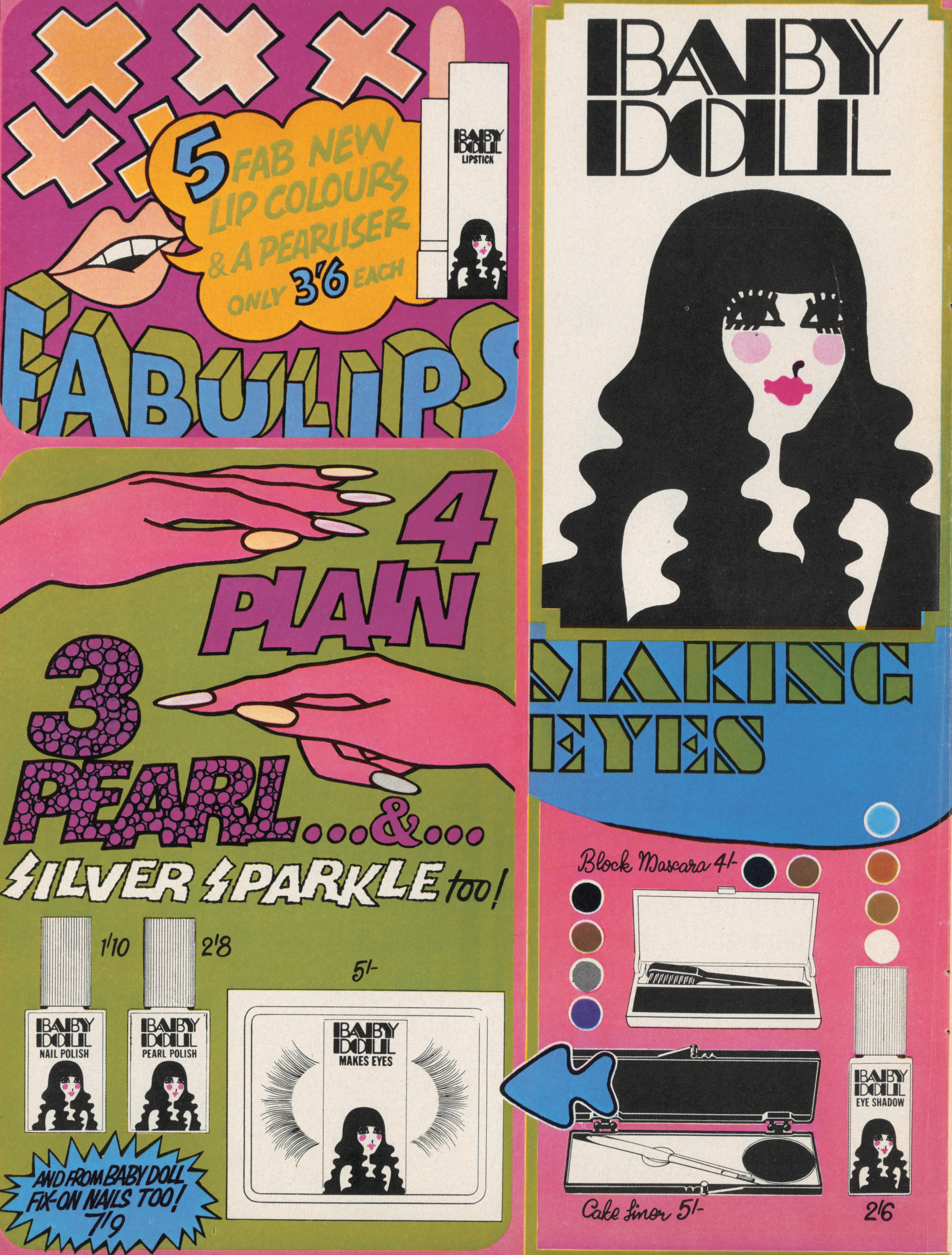
ADDRESS..

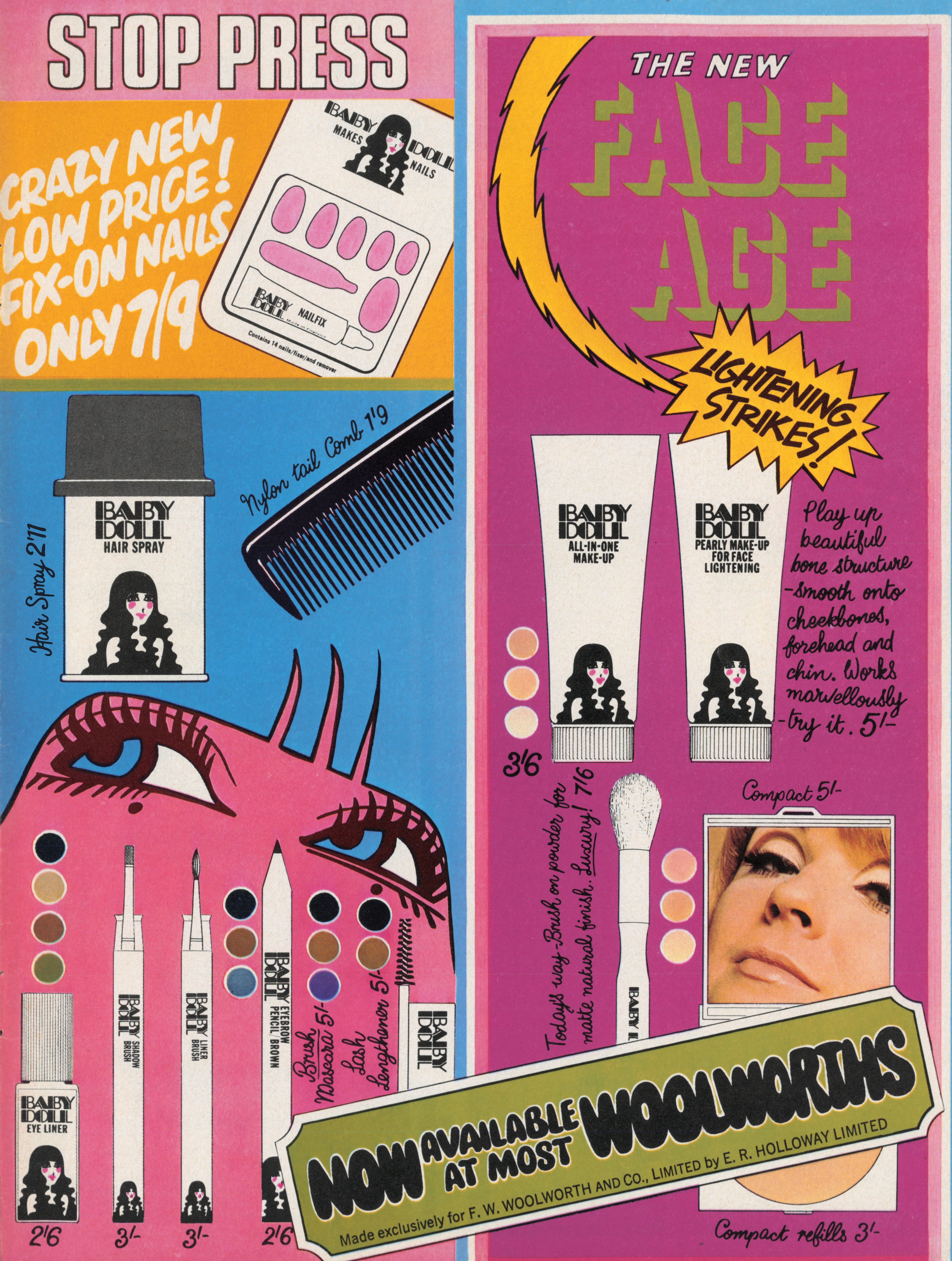
COUNTY.. Applicants must be resident in the U.K. WO3101002

WRAC

WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS




5 FAB NEW LIP COLOURS & A PEARLISER ONLY 3/6 EACH
BABY DOLL LIPSTICK
FABULIPS
BABY DOLL
4 PLAIN
3 PEARL...&...
SILVER SPARKLE too!
1/10
2/8
BABY DOLL NAIL POLISH
BABY DOLL PEARL POLISH
5/-
BABY DOLL MAKES EYES
AND FROM BABY DOLL FIX-ON NAILS TOO! 7/9
MAKING EYES
Block Mascara 4/-
BABY DOLL EYE SHADOW
Cake Liner 5/-
2/6


STOP PRESS
CRAZY NEW LOW PRICE! FIX-ON NAILS ONLY 7/9
BABY DOLL MAKES DOLL NAILS
BABY DOLL NAILFIX
Made in England
Contains 14 nails/fixer/and remover
Nylon tail Comb 1'9
Hair Spray 2'11
BABY DOLL HAIR SPRAY
BABY DOLL EYE LINER
2'6
BABY DOLL SHADOW BRUSH
3/-
BABY DOLL LINER BRUSH
3/-
BABY DOLL EYEBROW PENCIL/BROWN
2'6
Brush Mascara 5/-
Lash Lengthener 5/-
BABY DOLL
THE NEW FACE AGE
LIGHTENING STRIKES!
BABY DOLL ALL-IN-ONE MAKE-UP
3'6
BABY DOLL PEARLY MAKE-UP FOR FACE LIGHTENING
Play up beautiful bone structure -smooth onto cheekbones, forehead and chin. Works marvellously -try it. 5/-
Today's way-Brush on powder for matte natural finish. Luxury! 7/6
BABY D
Compact 5/-
Compact refills 3/-
NOW AVAILABLE AT MOST WOOLWORTHS
Made exclusively for F. W. WOOLWORTH AND CO., LIMITED by E. R. HOLLOWAY LIMITED

names 'n' news

ANN-MARGRET has got her own way. A film in Italy. Title: *The Tiger*. Co-star: Vittorio Gassman. Question: How are they going to keep her down on the Hollywood farm, after she's seen Italy? Answer: Giving her Shirley MacLaine's discarded *Bloomer Girl* musical, with Vince Edwards as co-star, would help.

LEE MARVIN makes screen history. He actually gets the girl—Angie Dickinson—in *Point Blank*. Angie replaces Mary Ure who was considered "too British". What a thing to say about a true Scot!

CARROLL BAKER had two days' extra work on her come-back opus, *Her Harem*. Some of her Yugoslav location scenes were lost in transportation from Dubrovnic to Italy!

JOHN WAYNE says: "I've never ever played a private eye in my films. Guess no one thinks I could come over as a tough detective!"

JULIE ANDREWS is in for a busy time. She has 118 costume changes in *Star*; As expected, Richard Crenna plays her husband. Another (Robert) Wise decision.

DICK VAN DYKE went Beatlish and grew a moustache for *Never A Dull Moment*. He wanted to appear "like the young David Niven". His director, had other ideas though, and the 'tash came off.

SAMANTHA EGGAR continues her *Dr. Dolittle* friendship with Tony Newley in *Sweet November*. Meanwhile her hubby, Tom Stern, has joined William Holden's *Devil Brigade*.

OMAR SHARIF is searching Hollywood for a quick-draw gun-toting coach to train him for his Western, *McKenna's Gold*. "In exchange, I'll give him tuition in championship Bridge," says Omar, one of the world's top 16 Bridge players, and an Egyptian international.

NANCY KWAN is making *The Little Bustard*. . . . I think that's right.

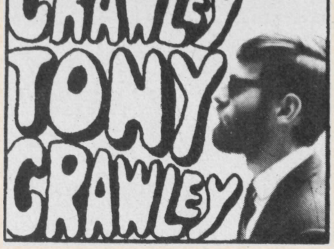
STEVE McQUEEN goes very posh in *The Crown Caper*; £1,000-worth of clothes and a very un-Stevish Rolls to drive.

CAROL WHITE, the *Cathy Come Home* star, returns to the big screen in *I'll Never Forget What's 'is Name*. Now Julie Christie's mentor producer Joseph Janni, stars her in *Poor Cow* by Nell Dunn—wife of the *Cathy* writer, and author of *Up The Junction*. Carol was in *Junction*, a fact most people seem to have forgotten—but Portland Mason might get the lead in the film version.

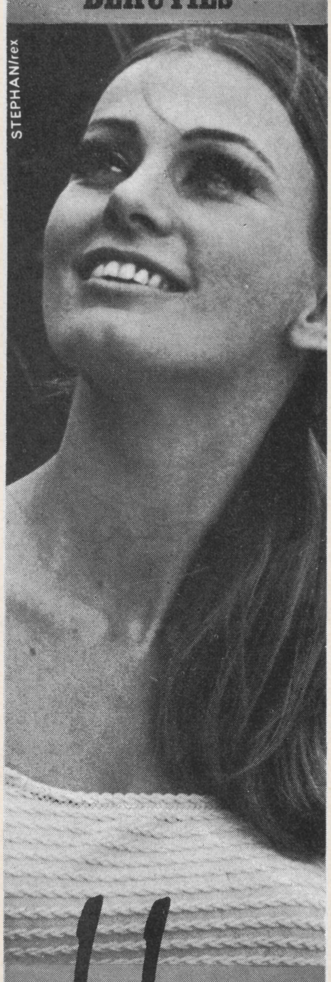
CARY GRANT is to film again after all. The comedy is called *Instant Army*.

BARBRA STREISAND has finally got her man. Tony Curtis will play Nicky Arnstein in *Funny Girl*; so the rumours about Vince Edwards, Sydney Chaplin (the original Nicky) and even the new 007, Terence Cooper, can stop.

SMOKEY, the horse that Lee Marvin says helped him win his *Cat Ballou* Oscar, rides again . . . in Doris Day's *The Epic Of Josie*.



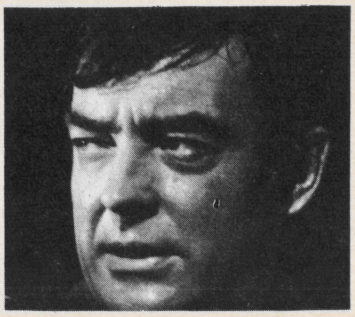
MY ALPHA-BEAUTIES


STEPHAN/rex

I.I . . . is for INGA INGERSOLL

Regular fans of this feature have bemoaned the absence of an alpha-beauty last month. Well, girls with the twinitials I.I. are hard to come by! Impossible in fact. Until this high-stepping Scandinavian beauty came to town—with films on her mind. In Norway, Inga has been a success as a model, chorus girl and TV commercial "star". Now she's chasing the big time, with fingers crossed about a new Italian epic. "Surely," she sighs, "there must be a teeny-weeny part for me?" I'd think so . . . wounldn't you?

Richard Johnson Goes SlaPsTicK!



Film-makers don't see Richard Johnson as a comic. You can see their point. Since cheerfully deserting the stage, after a brilliant Shakespearian career, he has maintained a steady flow of immaculate screen heroes. Ten in all, in four years.

Now Richard wants a change—so he's written a comedy for himself. Nothing sophisticated, mark you. Far from it. A complete farce, with him continually falling into water . . .!

The news was so staggering that I charged down to the set of his new thriller to get full details. And there he was, up to his usual tricks as the epitome of the well-heeled, well-mannered English hero—secret agent Jonas Wilde, alias *The Eliminator*.

He soon eliminated doubts about his plans. Next year he really IS going to do a Norman Wisdom on us. "Well, very nearly. It's a slapstick comedy. The first farcical suspense-story. And it rather mocks my usual kind of heroics!"

He laughed at the thought of it. And I suddenly realised that the idea was not so preposterous. The Johnson laugh, you see, has yet to be heard on film. As laughs go, it's a collector's item; a sort of delighted braying sound which gathers speed as it chuckles along—putting Wisdom's giggle to shame.

Of course, it takes more than a laugh to make a comedy. And Johnson found the perfect story for himself while filming in Italy last year. He then wrote the script himself in six weeks—"the first script I've ever finished". Title: *Run, Johnny, Run*.

"The hero is an intelligent sort of chap," he went on. "But accident prone. At one point, for instance, he's climbing down a drain-pipe and he passes a bathroom window where he spies a girl taking a shower. He hovers there awhile, then—splash!—straight into the canal below. Oh, he's a very good faller. Particularly into water."

Where is the film set? "Venice, of course." And he laughed.

NEWS-FLASH . . . AMERICA PUTS WOMEN IN SPACE . . . Well, Hollywood does then. The astro-dolly is Pamela Austin, perky blonde star of *The Perils Of Pauline* . . . in which everything happens to Pam. She's captured by white pygmies, set adrift in space and kidnapped by an affectionate gorilla!

ROBERT PENN

The People Behind LIZ

She is, of course, Liz Taylor, queen of the screen. And these are the people she entrusts to care for her crowning glory—Alexandre of Paris and his assistant, Cladye Ettori . . . on the *Dr. Faustus* set. Alexandre is a hip hairdresser of 44, *haut coiffeur* to screen royalty. Why, he's even acting as well—as the Spanish ambassador in *The Taming Of The Shrew*, and as himself in another client's film, Shirley MacLaine's *Woman Times Seven*. If you can afford "*le style* Alexandre"—wigs, pieces, braids, plaits, flowers, diadems and all—you go to his Paris or London salons. But if you're Liz Taylor, he comes to you—wherever you are.

Is Hitch Scratched?

Veteran Hollywood director Leo McCarey is still hoping to achieve his greatest ambition—the casting coup of the century—and make a horror film starring . . . Alfred Hitchcock!

"He has a very great talent for acting," comments Leo. "He proved this with his trailers, his introductions to his TV films—and before then, he'd improvise droll things at parties and people laughed until they were hysterical. And that's how I first got the idea . . ."

But is Hitch game? He does, after all, tend to flinch from actors and acting. "He was fascinated by the idea," recalls Leo. "His wife, too. But, in spite of all the time we have spent discussing it, we have never found a moment when we were both free."

And that's why Leo's notion—like all the best ideas—is stuck on the shelf.

TRUTH & CONSEQUENGES

Fact outstrips fiction in book sales today. So film-making, too, is rushing in on the truth game. Somehow I find the consequence of this flood of truth is more than a little sick. Here's my evidence:

ITEM 1: *In Cold Blood*. Director Richard Brooks (*The Professionals*) attempts the impossible—filming the motiveless Clutter family murder, exactly where it happened in Kansas, with unknowns Robert Blake and Scott Wilson as the killers. Impossible? Well, the film can never be as effective as Truman Capote's book which set a new trend in novelising facts.

ITEM 2: *The Boston Strangler*. Sickest chore of them all! Director Richard Fleischer (*Fantastic Voyage*) tackles the worst slayings since Jack the Ripper's era. The crime, 12 women strangled and assaulted in 19 months, is nauseous in the extreme—yet the three-year manhunt, using aids from computers to clairvoyants, is fascinating. Gerold Frank's over-frank book supplies the grisly facts. Missing from the technical-advice ranks will be the self-confessed strangler's lawyer. He's too busy playing himself in . . .

ITEM 3: *The Sheppard Murder Case*. Sid Furie directs this saga of a Cleveland doctor who waited 12 years to be cleared of murdering his wife . . . Chief star: F. Lee Bailey, America's leading whiz-kid (he's 34) attorney. He worked for five years for the acquittal, then took up the Strangler's case. Now he's playing himself. This film tells a story of justice triumphing against overwhelming odds—but four books have already covered the facts and I cannot agree with producer Brad Dexter who claims this "is not an exploitation film."

ITEM 4: *The Melvyn Belli Story*. The most flamboyant American lawyer of them all—once called "a publicity-mad pettifogger". Even so, his highly demonstrative cases have also brought about much-needed law reform in the U.S.A. Now he wants his 34-year-old career filmed and—ever-flamboyant— wants Tony Curtis to play him. Included among his famous cases, of course, was his Dallas defence of Jack Ruby. Which brings me to . . .

ITEM 5: *The Jack Ruby Story*. This, I feel, is one to be left on the shelf. Still, why ban this one, if they can think of making . . .

ITEM 6: *With Kennedy*. This, the latest book in all the recent Kennedalia, is by his ex-Press Secretary Pierre Salinger. But how on earth will they make it? Who'll play JFK? Who'll dare to be Jackie? And who needs Dallas dramatised when it's still horrifyingly clear in our minds? No doubt Pierre, who took a role in a Doris Day film a year ago, wants to play himself.

That's the evidence—so what's your verdict? Do you want last week's headlines in tomorrow's films? Do you want grisly murders re-enacted as "entertainment"? Do you crave for cold-blooded facts—or do you prefer warm-blooded fiction? After all, as far as the box-office is concerned, YOU are the judges . . .

CH

when

COR! The second revolution takes place. And there's no doubt about it, Eric and Ernie have found themselves an army which is in very good shape, indeed. Dedicated bunch of girls, too — ever-ready to strip for action! Naturally when the enemy see this Charge of the Bra and Pantie Brigade they don't stand a chance. They stop . . . and stare . . . and surrender . . . and just beg to be taken prisoner . . .

COR! Ablutions were never like this at Catterick! Eric suddenly realises that the "fella" he was showering with was the curvy Colonel Carla (Margit Saad). Still, she's a good sort to have around whatever the situation, as Eric discovers when he's tricked into literally signing his own death warrant. It's then that Carla plans the second revolution—and leaves backward Eric t) in charge of rd guns ...

the AOS boys go to war

No matter where they go, trouble seems to follow Eric and Ernie around like a faithful bloodhound. In their latest film, *The Magnificent Two*, Morecambe and Wise are travelling salesmen, flogging toy soldiers. Suddenly, they run slap bang into the middle of a South American revolution—where the soldiers are no toys!

By an unlikely mistake, Eric is taken by the rebels for Torres, the British-educated son of the late President of Parazuellia. They rush him and Ernie off to rebel headquarters, where a short—but very plain—ultimatum is given. The rebel chief will buy all their goods for a million pesos . . . if Eric will pose as Torres. The presidential uniform is a perfect fit—except for the bullet holes . . .

Life looks up for our reluctant heroes when they are introduced to a general. Name: *Carla*. Appearance? Very much to Eric's taste. By a stroke of luck, Carla's aide, Juanita, is very much to Ernie's taste. (The girls are played by Germany's Margit Saad and Scots lass Isobel Black.)

After a big battle, Eric is paraded about as the new President and he thoroughly enjoys the feeling of power. Then comes another revolution . . . Eric and Ernie's!

PANADERÍA
TELESFORD

In **"The Magnificent Two,"** Eric and Ernie are involved in a South American Revolution—and it's not difficult to guess which side they take!

"HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING"

That's him! The one with the book. He's got the secret. The status-symbol secret. He knows how . . . to win . . . to make it . . . to be king-pin. And all from his little guide-book to fame and fortune. So if you've ever felt the urge to rise up from some mundane job, trample over your overseer and become seer over all, this is the lad to follow. B(u)y the book, of course!

David Swift's merry film—based on the hit stage-musical—brings the original Broadway show's stars together again. Cheeky young Robert Morse, as the window-cleaner with dreams of glory, and former swooner-crooner Rudy Vallee as the business tycoon whose job Bob's after. Not forgetting his perks (right).

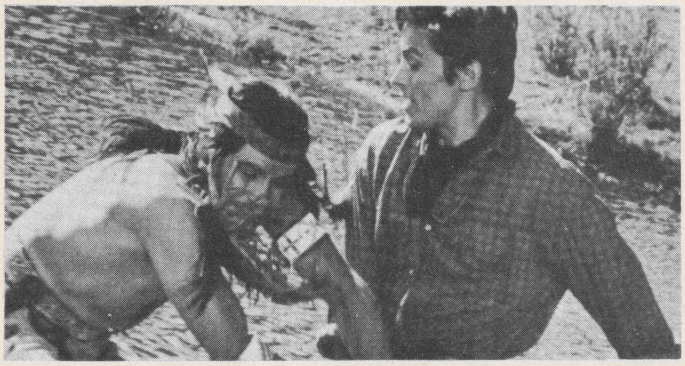
Unhappy in his first few films—*The Loved One*, *Poor Dad*, etc.—Bobby Morse finally succeeds in the film business with this frolic, which, since he opened with it on Broadway, has proved the Morse code to success.

PERKY. Meet a girl called Arthur — Maureen Arthur. One more reason why Robert Morse wants to succeed in business. For Maureen is Rudy Vallee's secretary and chief perk—she takes daily showers in his office-suite!

COMING your way

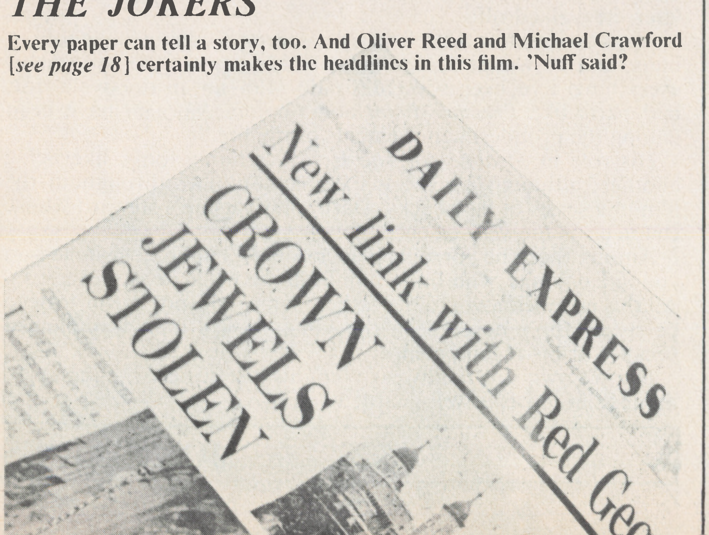
TEXAS ACROSS THE RIVER

Every picture tells a story . . . And once you realise that Dean Martin's Injun pal (above) is Clan comic Joey Bishop, you'll know how crazy this Western story is. Rootin', tootin' and non-stop laughin'.
Dino drops his bag of spy tricks for a handy six-gun to help Spanish duke Alain Delon (*below*) transport guns across Comanche territory. Trouble is, everyone—*but* everyone—gets in their way. The Cavalry, after Delon for murder. The Injuns, as funny as Joey—the chief's son sets his father's war-bonnet afire! And the gals—coquettish Rosemary Forsyth [*see page 38*] and the exquisite Tina Marquand. Yup, the whole thing is so much fun, Dino 'n' Delon are planning a sequel to which the title tells the story . . . *Texas Rides Again.*



THE JOKERS

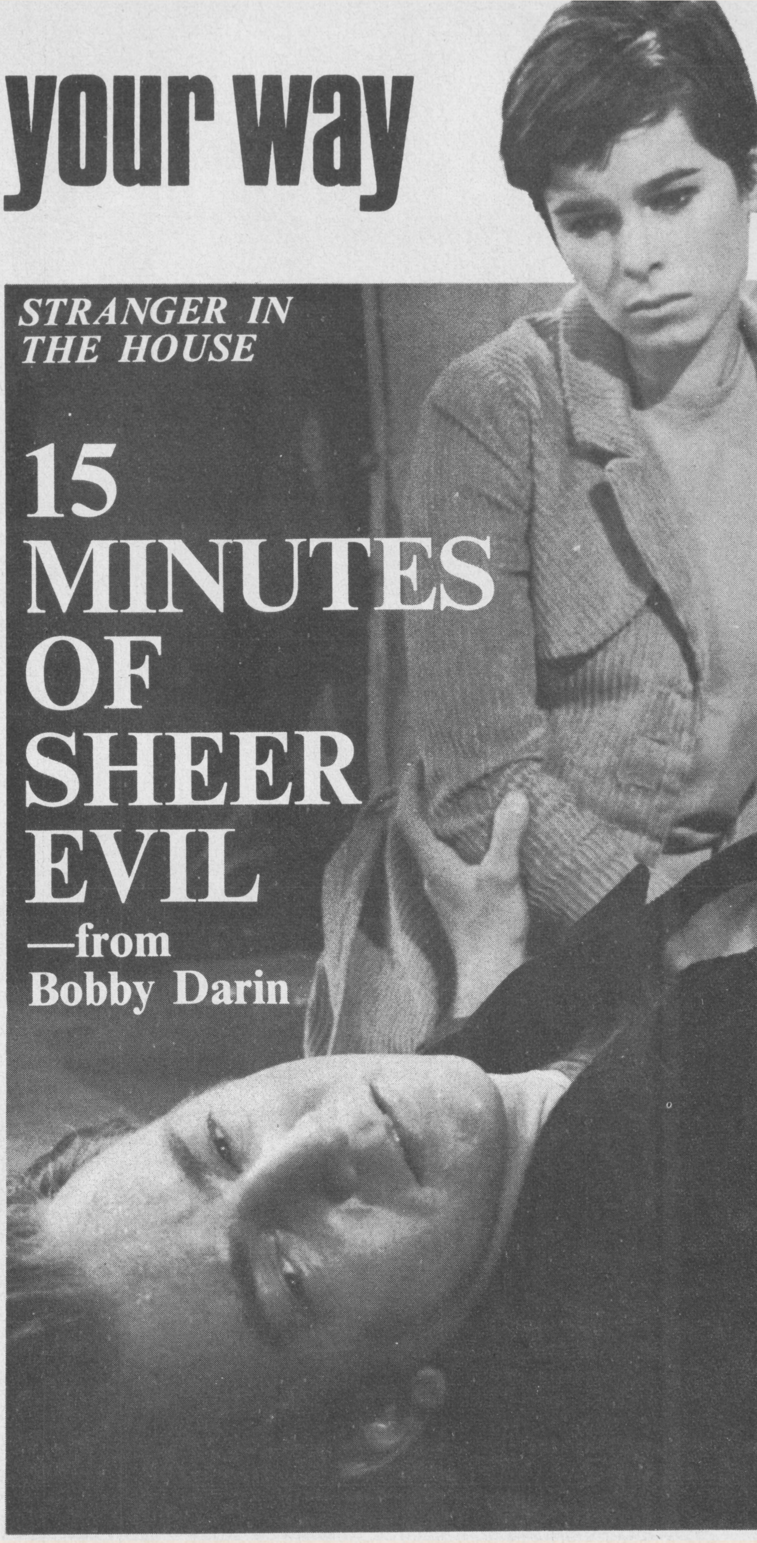
Every paper can tell a story, too. And Oliver Reed and Michael Crawford [*see page 18*] certainly makes the headlines in this film. 'Nuff said?



DAILY EXPRESS

New link with Red Ge

CROWN JEWELS STOLEN



STRANGER IN THE HOUSE

15 MINUTES OF SHEER EVIL

—from Bobby Darin

"I got killed yesterday," said Bobby Darin amiably. "Today I am resurrected." He hunched on the edge of the settee, eyes hooded beneath the inevitable yachting cap, feet planted squarely in stub-toed woolly slippers. This was the new, relaxed, "Mr. Nice Guy," Bobby Darin; singer, swinger, and an Oscar-nominated actor—now supplying a compelling 15 minutes of evil in the new murder thriller, *Stranger In The House*.

"I play a part to fit my image," he explained. "The heavy."

Films now mean as much as singing in the life of this hard-headed boy from the Bronx, who once swore he'd become a legend by 30. In between hit discs, he's starred in a string of films from musicals (*State Fair*) to light comedy (*I'd Rather Be Rich*), from Westerns (*Gunfight In Abilene*) to high drama (*Pressure Point* and *Captain Newman*). And it was the power of his acting as a Nazi in the little-seen *Pressure Point* that won his Oscar nomination.

At the same time, Darin happens to be a sophisticated swinger up there in the Sinatra and Tony Bennett big-money class.

TURN page

15 MINUTES OF SHEER EVIL

FROM previous page

STRANGERS. Bobby Darin, as a licentious, predatory ship's steward, and the people whose lives his murder affects in *Stranger In The House*—Geraldine Chaplin, as the swinging young Angela, contemptuous of her father (James Mason), a recluse of a barrister.

So why take a small part in a movie in which he's bumped-off after a quarter of an hour?

Darin gives it to you straight. "The script," he fires instantly. "I jumped at it. Give me five minutes in a quality film and I am a happy man. Offer me rubbish and I do not want to know.

"Acting is the burning passion inside of me. Music is still the deep river that flows through my body, but films are a more permanent testimony. I want to act and I want to act well. I only wish to God I had a scene together with James Mason in *Stranger In The House*. I would love to work with that man."

He smiled again and for a while he gave me a creditable impression of James Mason in *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman*.

As a mimic he's almost as good as his other idol, Peter Sellers.

"In *Lolita* he had the American accent right to the last inflexion—that's Super-Talent. To work with Sellers or Mason is my ambition because I know—I know!—I could learn so much. The fact that I don't have a scene with Mason in this film *destroys* me."

The intensity of his words belies the new, deep calm of Bobby Darin. "I take life as it comes now. Oh yeah, I know the old image. The brash guy who was gonna be a world beater by 30 and the hell with everybody else.

"That Bobby Darin does not exist any longer; I've given up the mechanical, long-range plan for life. Whatever life is all about—and it's been awfully good to me—I'm giving myself more time to find out about it.

"Let me tell you something. I was supposed to be dead at 14. Then the doctor told my mother I'd be lucky to reach the age of 18. I do not want to give the reasons why.

"I passed 18 but after that I honestly and sincerely gave up any hope of living to 30. I'm not trying to tell you heroic things about myself. Hell, I don't even know why I'm talking about it.

"All I do know is that when I reached 30 on 14th May, 1966, I could have thanked God and jumped for joy. My whole universe changed. I finished worrying about death. I relaxed.

"A girl reporter came here yesterday and said: '*Ay say, Mr. Dar-rin, wot is your hambition?*' I told her I have no ambition. I have undergone a severe metamorphosis and I have come alive.

"However, there is a Pacific island I am buying—it's about 1,000 miles from anywhere. It's every man's dream of a desert island away from it all. I want that island, and I need it if only for the utter relaxation it will bring me.

"About the only thing I'll want along is my record collection . . . Rachmaninov, Chopin; composers like that. Beautiful classical music affects me more than jazz. Other kinds of music can excite and interest me but they fail to take me off the ground."

Think that Darin has gone soft and you'd be far, far wrong. The sharp edges have been rounded off, yes, and perhaps his thoughts about music have risen. But the kick is still there. Right now Darin is a man like a mild drink laced with meths.

He told me: "I am what I am. There are some things I can never change and people must take me for what they find. I still lash out when I meet short-sightedness and hypocrisy."

And, for instance, he refuses to talk about the break-up of his marriage to Sandra Dee. But he will rhapsodise about the love he has for their child Dodd Mitchell. "I can't describe the pure and simple pleasure it brings me to have and to hold him, to watch him jump and play, to hear him talk. He is the most wonderful five-year-old you ever saw. I can't wait to get back to see him."

As if on cue, the voice of his personal assistant drifted in from the next room. He was on the telephone. "Operator," said the voice, "please try again. This is probably the most important call from this suite at any time today."

"You bet your —— life it is," snarled Darin in an acid burst of savagery. "I'm trying to get my little boy now. He's just due out of school and I always speak to him at this time, come whatever."

Darin claims a high sensitivity to the feelings of others: "if there were prizes for judging the way people feel, I'd win them every time."

"I'm not amused when the common man slips on a banana skin," he told me. "I don't laugh with the masses—I can't. My first reaction is for the pain he feels.

"That's why it hurt me deep down when I met Mick Jagger at a cocktail party not so long ago. I have a great respect for Jagger's work. I really admire the guy.

"Anyway, someone tapped me on the shoulder and said: '*Someone to meet you, Mr. Darin.*' I whirled round and there was Jagger. '*Well*,' I said with a laugh, '*what's this?*'

"What I meant was: '*What, Mick Jagger bothering to turn up at my party?*' I think he took it the wrong way. Coupla moments later, he walked off."

Any conversation with Darin now seems to swing inevitably to films, and he was soon telling me: "Movies are the epitome of everything I've ever wanted to do. I'm an instinctive actor, and parts like *Pressure Point* and *Captain Newman* have been among the proudest achievements of my life."

His role in *Stranger In The House* certainly looks like being another: although it's short, the role continues throughout the film in a series of flashbacks. Darin plays a ship's steward whose character is the very essence of evil.

Among those he corrupts is Geraldine Chaplin, a switched-on young Londoner who hides him at home while he is on the run. All this is unbeknown to her father (James Mason), a run-to-seed barrister who's never been the same since a man was hanged because of his incompetence.

Darin's own sins finally earn him his just desserts, though who bumps him off is a well-guarded secret.

JOHN MOSS

They think they are the stars, says Mr Mankiewicz

It was in 1929—the year of the first talking picture—that Joseph L. Mankiewicz, then 21, went to Hollywood to work as a scriptwriter. And his entry into the film business "together with the spoken word" was more than coincidental. It was more likely ordained. For no other successful screenwriter or director has ever attached more importance to dialogue.

Yet, when I called on him at his London hotel, Mankiewicz insisted that his views on the spoken word had become exaggerated.

"I certainly don't believe in talking people to death," he began. "Or even in talking people into being entertained. But since film has committed itself to speak, it should speak intelligently. After all, why should audiences find enjoyment only in what they see?

"Of course, some films lend themselves to a treatment in which photography—the telling of the story by use of images—is more successful than dialogue. But ideally, a film needs a fair amount of both action and talk.

"Shakespeare, for instance, is mostly talk. But if he'd had film he wouldn't have had his battles fought off-screen. That's for sure."

Mankiewicz, the man behind such tremendous successes as *All About Eve*, *Barefoot Contessa* and *Suddenly, Last Summer*, and whose latest film is *The Honey Pot* (his first since *Cleopatra*), broke off to order coffee.

Then, pipe in hand, he lowered his stocky frame into an armchair and went on: "What I deplore these days is that nobody seems to think a film needs to be properly written. There are, in fact, some men with little talent who, let loose with a camera, turn out nothing more than a sham.

"And a great many pretentious critics go along with this, their point being that *they* are able to see and understand things a normal audience cannot comprehend. It's so wrong.

"The basic obligation of almost any creative person is to communicate with his audience. Set the audience away from this communication, and you have them making believe they understand something they don't, and not enjoying it very much either."

I reminded Mankiewicz of a criticism he had made about the *What's New, Pussycat?* type of film. They were, he had said, strip-cartoon films appealing to today's 30-year-olds. "I was referring to a generation—or generations—of audiences who have been conditioned by pre-digested reading not to think for themselves," he explained.

"Films such as *Pussycat* (and I didn't mean to single out that particular film) are without content; without continuity; without substance; without characterisation; without any conflict other than the most superficial . . . the various sequences have no more relationship to each other than the various frames in comic books.

"Yet these entertainments, which are on the lowest possible level, are often acclaimed as being the highest form of art; as if they were, indeed, serious efforts."

Was this a criticism of today, in fact?

"Not entirely," he replied. "But we are certainly living in an age in which there are writers who don't write; actors who don't act; and critics who don't criticise.

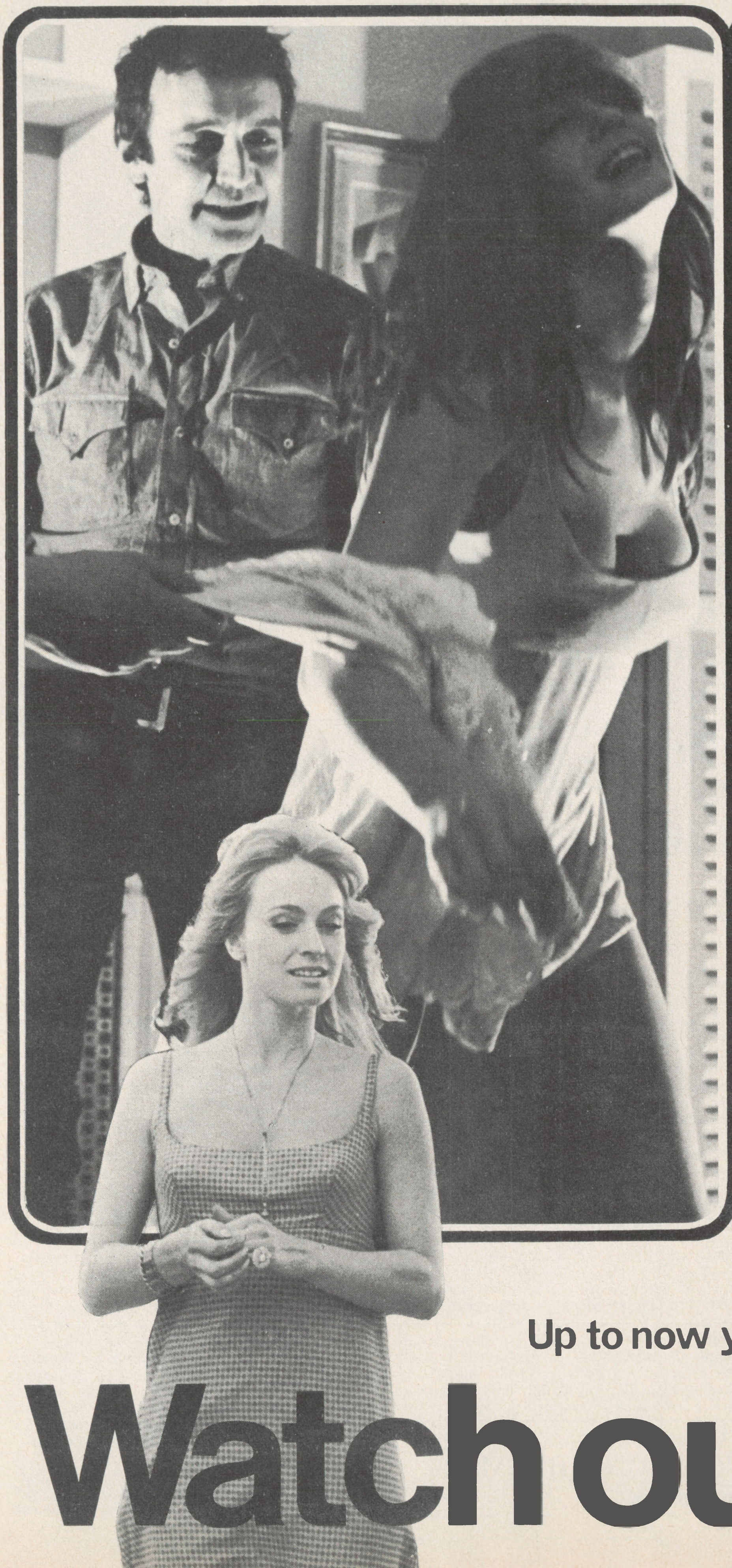
"And it's the critics who are today's performers. They establish themselves as personalities in their own right. They go off on lecture tours; they appear on television. You can almost hear them saying, '*I'm the star*'. It's time people began seriously to evaluate the performance of the critics."

He paused, attended to his pipe, then went on: "I don't know if anyone has noticed it," he said, "but the credit '*Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz*' has not appeared on the screen since 1944! I don't take a producer credit.

"Do you know what a producer does?" he asked. "With the exception of certain men—men like Sam Spiegel, for example—who really are producers in the sense that they go out and raise money, find stories, get directors, I certainly don't know what they do.

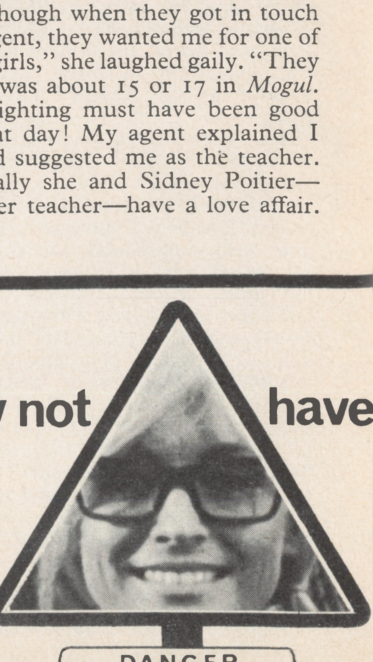
A
RAYMOND HYAMS
interview

TO page 34



Up to now you may not have

Watch out



The amazing thing about Suzy Kendall is that when you see her, up there on the big screen, gazing languidly and lovingly into the eyes of her leading man—she can't see him. Or the camera. Or anything. Suzy is a really beautiful bird, but as blind as a bat without her glasses.

Not that she minds. Certainly this impediment has not stopped Suzy Kendall coming forward. Albeit with a little fumbling and groping here and there.

"Went for an interview for a part in *The Saint* once," she told me, between giggles, over tea and cakes. "Had my glasses off, of course, and was being as nonchalant as possible. Remember dropping my cigarette ash into the ash-tray at the corner table. Then just before leaving, I thought I'd better take a look at this director. So I put on my glasses—and saw ash all over his paper-clip box. Such a mess!"

Suzy gurgled with laughter—she loves comedy, and would love to be called a comedienne instead of an ex-model—and went on. "Then at the BBC once, for a *Mogul* part, I took off my glasses before going in and immediately started stumbling over all the furniture. Couldn't see a thing. And as I got more and more nervous and excited, I started slipping into my Northern accent."

Result: Derby's Suzy not only got the part but it was re-tailored exclusively for her—as a short-sighted North Country lass who becomes a reluctant beauty queen. "That was fine, of course, but I had rather a mental block about the accent, after having tried to curb it for so many years!"

This was the role which really took Suzy out of the ex-model ranks for good. It did as much for her as *Cathy Come Home* has done for Carole White. Suzy has four films currently awaiting release. Three of them, "the three most important ones", came as a direct result of her superb *Meet Miss Mogul* performance.

First came the dramatic role of a young London schoolteacher in *To Sir, With Love*. "Although when they got in touch with my agent, they wanted me for one of the schoolgirls," she laughed gaily. "They thought I was about 15 or 17 in *Mogul*. Boy, the lighting must have been good for me that day! My agent explained I was 25 and suggested me as the teacher.

"Originally she and Sidney Poitier—as the other teacher—have a love affair.

Now I gather all this has had to be cut because of the American coloured thing. It's awful, but there it is.

"Sidney was a great help to me—remember this was the first time I'd worked with an actor of his class. Couldn't get used to his style at first. Well, he speaks in a strange manner. He'll split up phrases. For instance, he won't say: '*Do you want a cup of coffee?*' He says it: '*Do you want . . . a cup of coffee?*' And little me, in my innocence, thinking he'd forgotten his lines, would jump in the middle and say: '*Oh yes, please*'."

Suzy's next film is one of our most eagerly awaited new comedies—the cutely-named *Thirty Is A Dangerous Age, Cynthia.* This is the brain-child of such way-out comic talents as producer Walter Shenson of Beatles film fame; director Joseph McGrath from TV comedy and the *Casino Royale* farce; and, of course, the remarkable Dudley More. Dud wrote the script with McGrath and TV satirist John Wells . . . wrote the original musical score . . . and also stars.

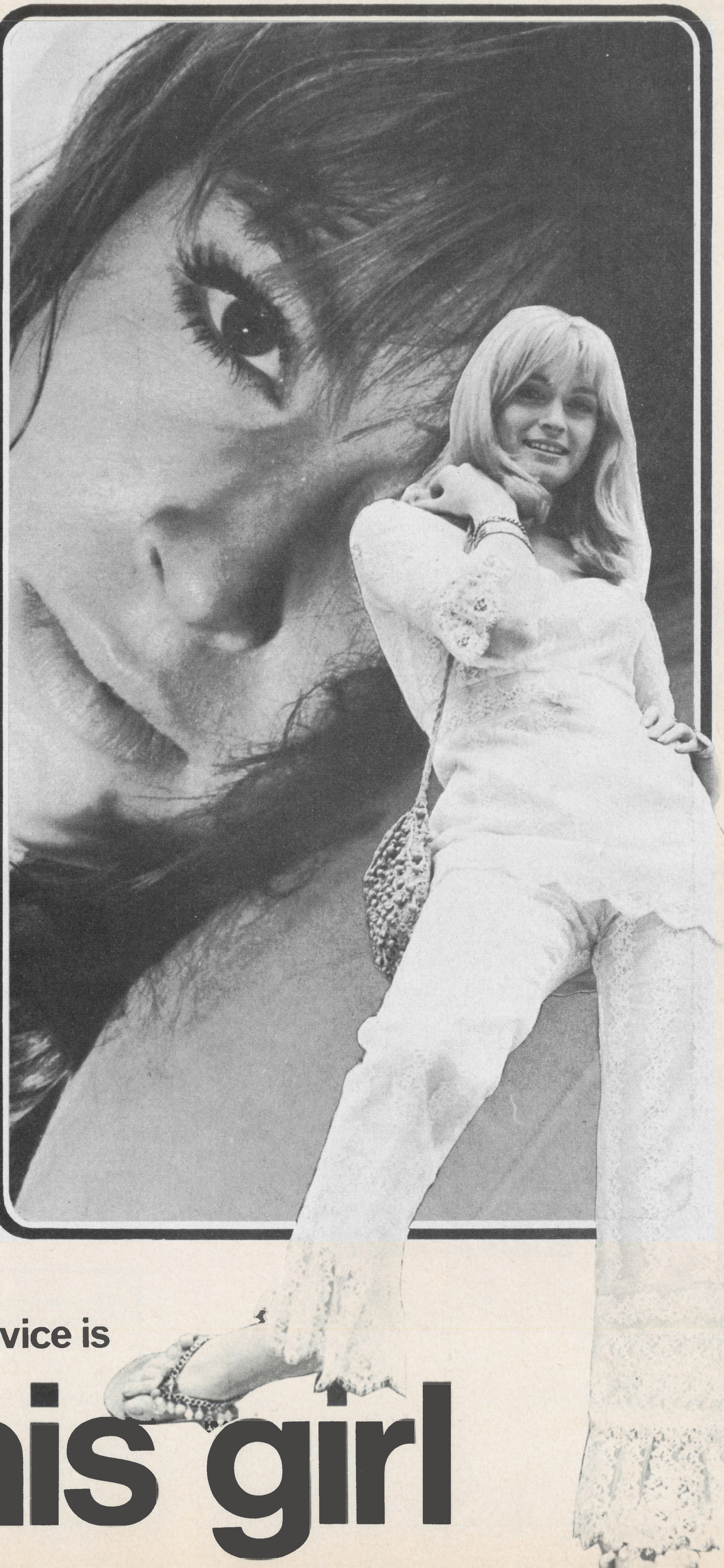
Now Dudley, of course, also happens to be Suzy's boy-friend. And as she admits, most people presume she got the part in the film only because of this relationship. "But it was Mr. Shenson who asked for me," she revealed. "He saw Dudley about it, because he wasn't too sure if Dudley would like the idea. He didn't mind, though, because in a way, he and the other writers had used me as their model for the girl in the story—inasmuch as they were writing about the nearest thing to them!"

And how, I asked, did she and Dudley get on together, bearing in mind that personal relationships do not always go cap-in-hand with professional teaming.

Suzy sipped her tea and said: "Oh it was fine. Well, to start with, I must be Dudley's greatest admirer bar none. I just laught at him all the time.

"We had only one row—and usually we never row. That's one of the marvellous things about him. He won't shout and argue, he'll talk it out. But it just happened that he wanted me to play this scene in a certain manner, and I didn't feel it right that way and wanted to try it my way. '*All right, but wait until the rushes*', he said, all clenched teeth, most unlike him. Then next day at rushes, he said: '*OK, you were right.*' And that was that."

TO page 17



heard of her but our advice is

for this girl

There's a lot more to life as a Wren

Radar Plotter

Air Mechanics

In the Wrens' sitting room

Life's friendlier and more varied in the W.R.N.S. You have the chance to travel – possibly overseas. You can get on. And you have worthwhile work to do.

An interesting job. You could work in a naval operations room, helping plot the course of ships and aircraft. Or operate radio. Issue stores. Repair and maintain naval aircraft. Do important secretarial work. Serve on the staff of a Commander-in-Chief.

Your prospects are excellent too. Promotion can come quickly. And you have a good chance of a commission. Most W.R.N.S. Officers are chosen from serving Wrens.

A happy, active life. You're never bored in the W.R.N.S. You're too busy for that. You share an active life with young people of your own age and interests. Enjoy plenty of social activities. And you average 6 weeks' paid holiday a year.

Post the coupon for full details. You can become a Wren at any age between 17 and 28.

W.R.N.S.

Careers Officer,
W.R.N.S. Dept. 922 QP 1
Old Admiralty Building
Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

Please send me a free copy of 'A Career in the W.R.N.S.'

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

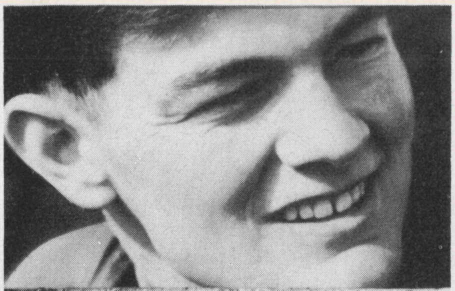
____

____________AGE____________

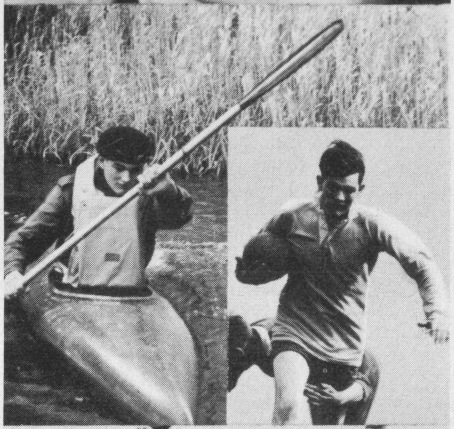
(Enquiries from U.K. Residents only)

Look what Neville Stephenson (16) is doing now!

Junior L/Cpl Neville Stephenson is a junior leader, living like a man while he learns to lead men.



All sports and hobbies are free in the Army. Neville goes canoeing on the Wye as often as he can; already he's learned to shoot rapids.



Neville gets masses of sport. He plays Rugby for his Company—as part of his training!

As one of tomorrow's NCOs, Neville has got to be tough. And he's got to know all the Army skills—tactics, shooting, map reading, wireless operating and the rest.

You could join him.

Ask Neville about Junior Entry, and he says joining was the best thing he ever did. He's got an exciting job, secure prospects, good pay and ten weeks' paid holiday a year.
Want to know more? If you're between 15 and 17 send in this coupon. It commits you to nothing.

To: Army Careers, MP6(A),
Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London W.1.
Please send me full details of Junior Entry Scheme.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

TOWN..

COUNTY..

DATE OF BIRTH..

(You must be resident in the U.K.) J60150401

Watch out for this girl

FROM page 15

From this comedy, Suzy then went into a direct change of pace, starring in the seething drama, *The Penthouse*—the story of an adulterous couple being terrorised by two strange young men and a woman. The film is expected to put new director Peter Collinson into Joseph Losey class, and might well win Suzy a top acting award at the Venice Festival.

Once again, the idea for casting Suzy in something completely different came from that *Mogul* play. Peter Collinson saw it and said later: "If ever I make a feature film, I want that girl to be in it."

"I quite liked the script," commented Suzy, "but what pleased me even more was his excellent interpretation of it. He wasn't, for instance, over-emphasing the sex angles. I like sex to be incidental, not bang-wham!"

The filming proved something of an ordeal for Suzy. I heard stories of her almost having a breakdown from the strain of working in what is a very tough picture—a picture which has an atmosphere charged with evil.

"Oh yes, I was terrified," admitted Suzy. "All my previous films had been light and gay. You could laugh and joke after a take. Not here. The atmosphere was pressing down all the time—with these two boys (actors Tony Beckley and Norman Rodway) terrorising us. Wherever you looked, there they were. Their eyes and their voices continually on you. I was a nervous wreck after two weeks. Wouldn't dare go for a lunch-time drink with the boys—too scared of them. Had my lunch sent to my dressing-room. Kept locking doors at home!

"Since then I've seen two-thirds of the rough-cut film. It was too real for me to take. I was blushing at the love scenes. It was a case of me saying aloud almost: '*Put her down . . . Leave* me *alone . . .!*' I doubt if I could see the whole film through. Brilliant work by Peter Collinson. But too real for me."

She paused and then added as an afterthought: "By the way, I have no nude scenes in *Penthouse*. Whatever people may think from stills they have seen or stories they might have read, I was covered. Just as well. I know I'm pretty free in things; I don't have many limits. But I can't take my clothes off like that.

"In fact, I put clothes *on* for the sexiest scene. Peter wanted me in bra and panties for this drunken dance I do. But I suggested a slip would be much sexier. And it is. It is!"

What's next for Suzy? "I don't know. I much prefer comedy. Not that I'm going to turn down drama. I want work! After all, I've an E-type Jaguar to keep up!"

Suzy's yellow E-type is as well known on the London scene as Suzy herself. She is an excellent driver—with her glasses on, of course—and was nearly trained as a rally driver during her modelling days. But the necessary insurance cover, because of her filming, soon put a stop to that.

"I was saving like mad for an Aston-Martin DB5," she said. "Then Dudley said: '*You'll be 50 before you can manage to buy it.*' So he swopped my Alpine for the Jag. Oh yes, people try to cut me up on the roads—it's the combination of a girl and a yellow E-type that gets them. But I keep it choked up and always zoom away."

So you've been warned. Whether in films or in her E-type—and particularly when she's not in her glasses!—watch out for this girl!

JOHN WEBSTER

For once *The Jokers* are serious… or are they?

NOTHING BUT THE

OLIVER REED and MICHAEL CRAWFORD answer some very special questions

As *The Jokers*—in director Michael Winner's bright new thriller with comic overtones—Oliver Reed and Michael Crawford set about to steal the Crown Jewels . . .! When we caught up with them, like the law, we wanted to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but—about themselves.

When did you first start taking an interest in girls?

REED: At seven! I was playing in the rafters of my family's old house in Farnham—walking along the beams with my brother—when I fell right through the ceiling into the bathroom below, where a fat, heavily-bosomed French *au pair* girl was in the bath . . . She laughed. I blushed. I wasn't even tall enough to unlock the door and get out.

CRAWFORD: Well, my last school was a mixed private one. Shouldn't think it would be safe to mix the sexes like that at 15 today, but it made little difference then—I still preferred football! But as for first realising that girls were rather more than just soft boys—and we had plenty of them—I suppose that really happened at 17.

Why did you decide to become an actor?

REED: Because I was so bad at school. I couldn't write or spell; fortunately I could read. Anyway I much preferred the idea of acting to working for the Urban District Council and wearing those funny hats. Can't stand hats at all and the peak-cap things they wear are ridiculous.

CRAWFORD: Because I wasn't good enough at anything else. All stems from not studying properly at school. And an office job wasn't for me. Had to be my own boss. Even started my own business for a time—a fleet of hairdressing - on - wheels cars. What went wrong? I was only looking at the books last month and that's what was wrong . . . £20 lost here . . . £30 lost there . . .

What was your very first film appearance?

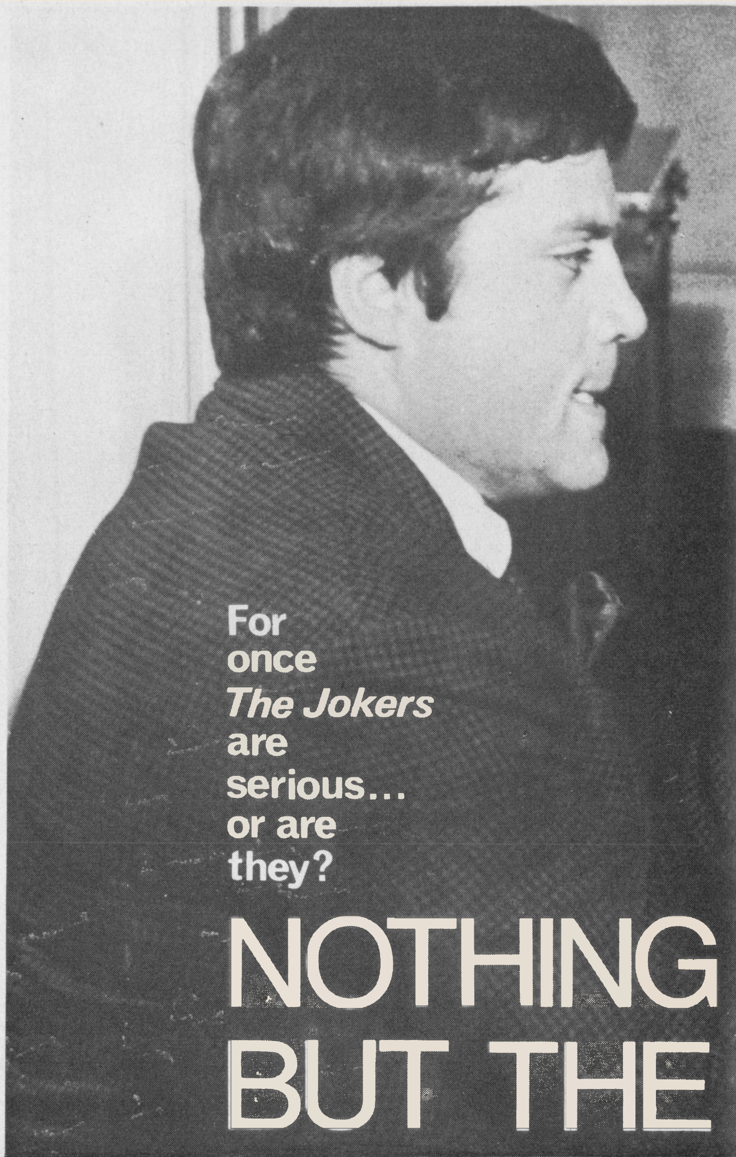
REED: As an extra for £3 5s. a day. When I left the army and tried to start as an actor, nobody wanted to know. So I joined the Film Crowd Artists in order to get something to live on. My first film? *Hello London!* with Michael Wilding and the ice-skater Sonja Henie. I was a Press photographer; got a false moustache and my father's mackintosh to look the part—-and overacted like mad. No, I never saw the film . . .

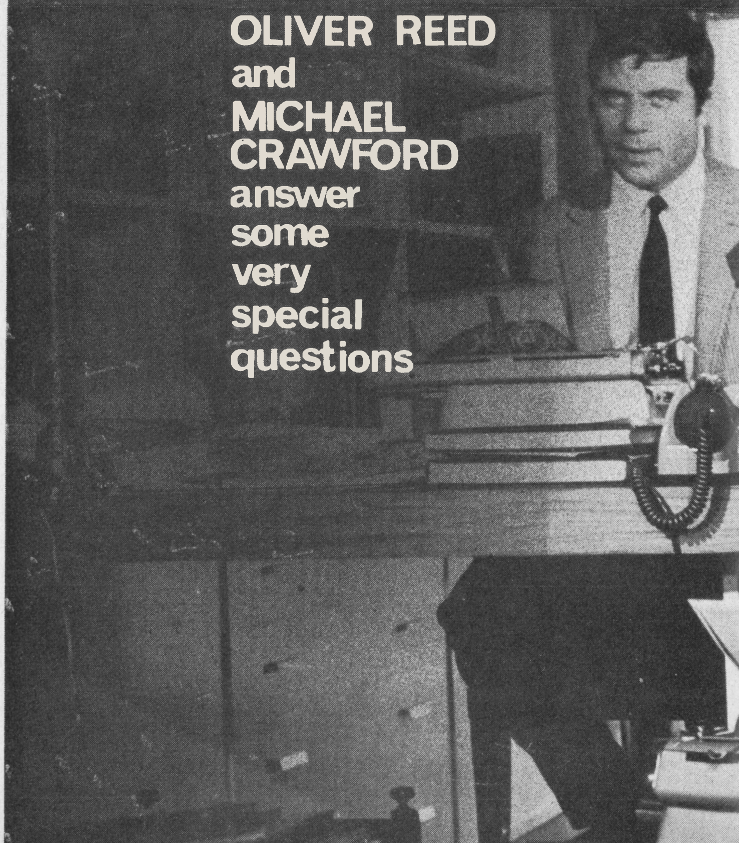
CRAWFORD: In a Saturday-morning children's matinee film, *Soap Box Derby*. I was 14 and it seemed a good excuse to get out of school. I'd tried for one before and didn't get it because I had freckles, then got this one because I had. Good fun, but I was terrible. The adults used to bash me about, like they did in the army and in rep., which did me a lot of good. Recently I thought it'd be a giggle to screen it for the cast of my last West End play, *The Anniversary*—the most embarrassing 90 minutes of my life!

Who has been the greatest single influence on your career?

REED: Michael Winner. He was the first director—the first person!—to see that perhaps I had something more than being just a horror-film actor. First we made *The System*, now *The Jokers*, and we've just finished *I'll Never Forget What's 'Is Name*. And there may be more next year; our film-tastes are the same and we're concerned only with good scripts . . . He always takes the bother to fill his films with good people—Mike Crawford, Orson Welles—and that just enhances one.

CRAWFORD: Dick Lester. Before him, Patrick McGoohan; he taught me a lot when we made a film in Sweden (*Two Living, One Dead*; still unreleased) and arranged for me to get into the *Sir Francis Drake* TV series—playing Drake's nephew, John Drake . . . which of course is Pat's *Danger Man* name. The series soon became a drag but at least it took me away from washing-up at Joe Lyons. But all good actors have been willing to help. I try to be the same.





TRUTH

Who is your favourite actor?

REED: Orson Welles, since I've worked with him. Used to be Paul Newman.

CRAWFORD: Brando. He gives so much thought to a role, that 99 per cent of his characterisations are just brilliant.

Who, then, is your favourite pin-up?

REED: Any well-stacked girl.

CRAWFORD: Roy Kinnear . . .!

At this stage in your career, what is your main ambition?

REED: To star at Danny La Rue's nightclub! No . . . there's no BIG ambition, except the hope that I will always be offered only good scripts.

CRAWFORD: Nothing huge; just a sort of job-by-job ambition that it will work out and come off well. I hope *The Jokers* will succeed, that *How I Won The War* will work, that I made the right decision in doing them. I worried a bit about *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*, for it was a small role—but it's such fun working with Dick Lester.

What is Michael Crawford's worst trait?

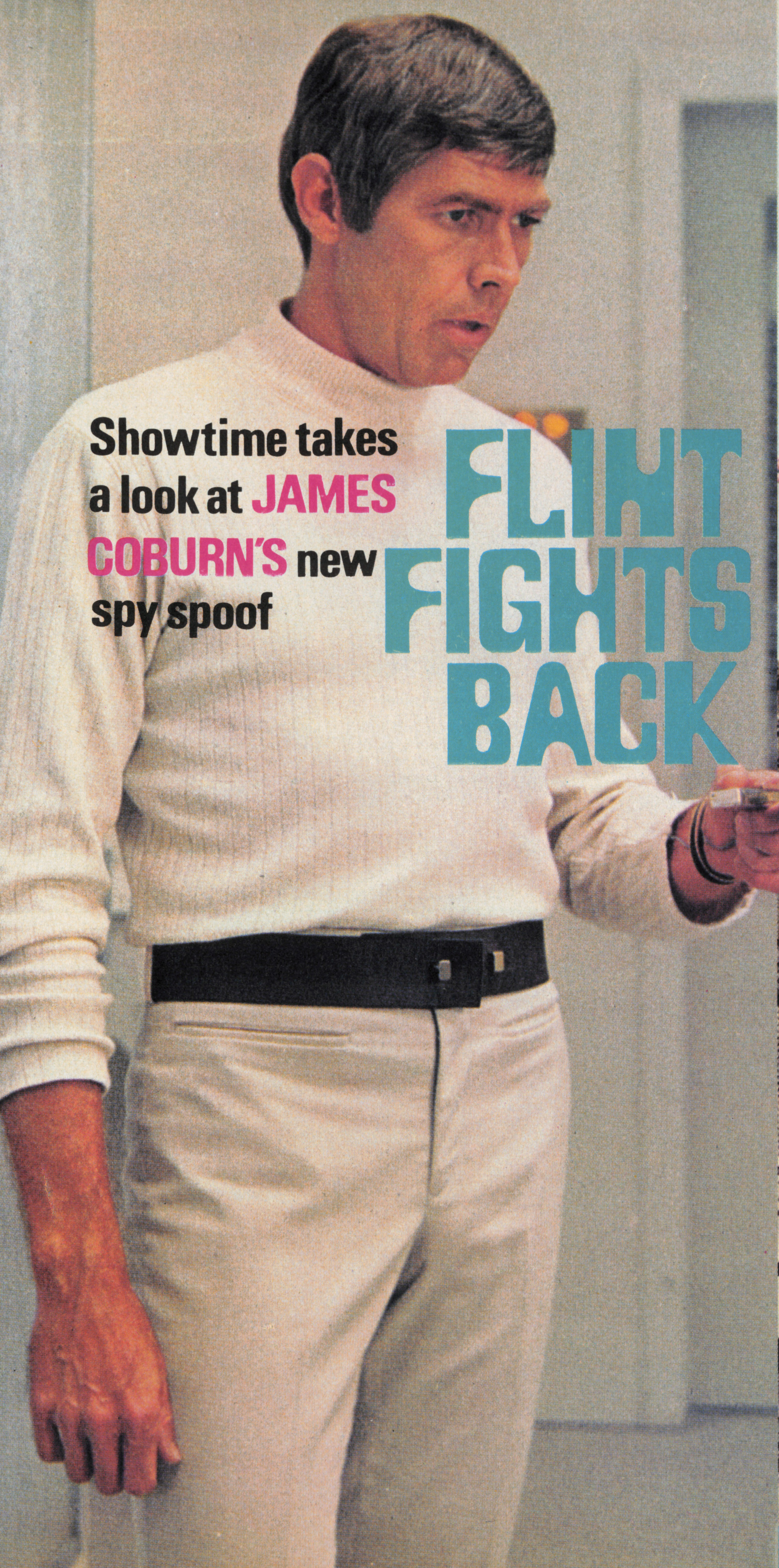
REED: His fear of me.

CRAWFORD: I'm a pig—with cherries. Honest, no kidding, in the cherry season I always eat too many and become ill.

What is Oliver Reed's worst trait?

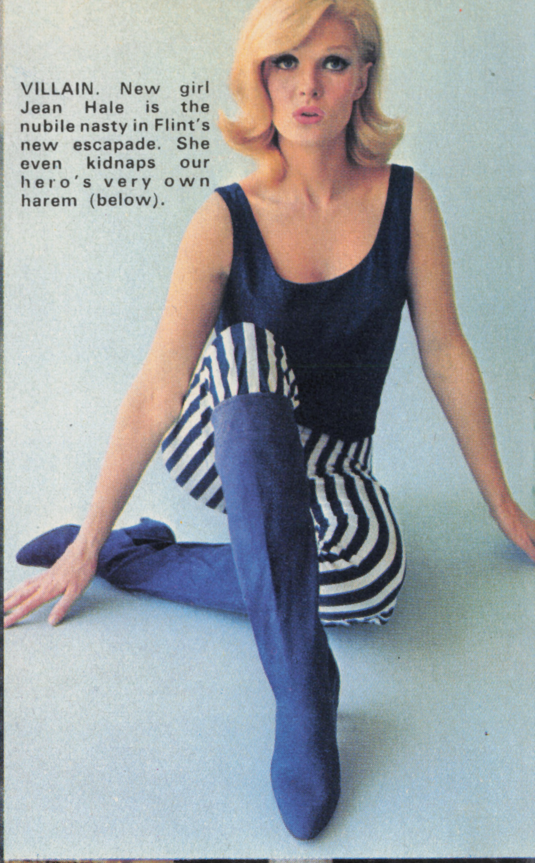
REED: My fear of Michael Crawford.

CRAWFORD: He's very good-looking!

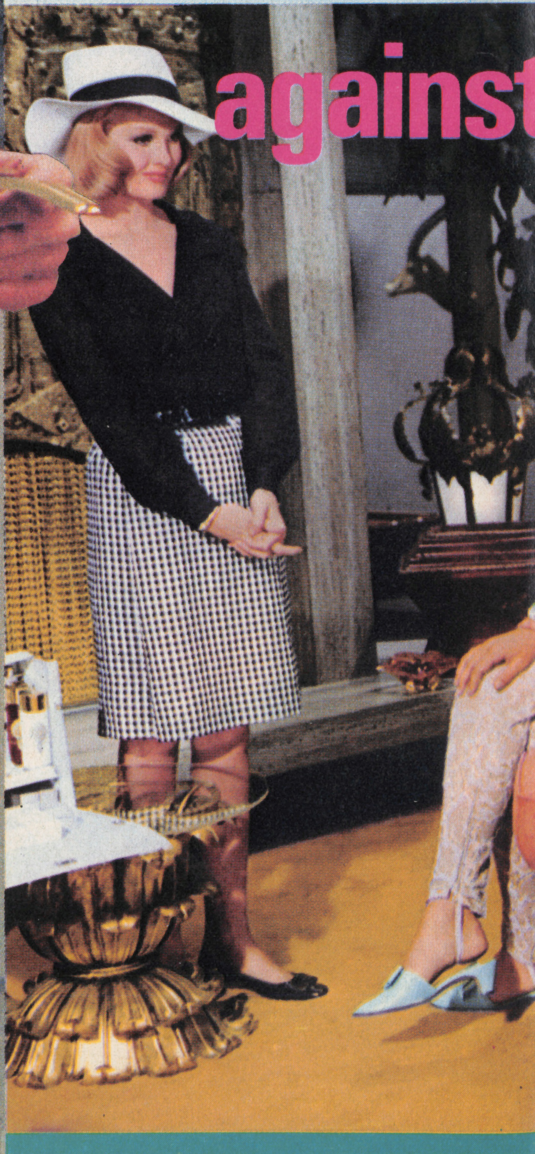


Showtime takes a look at **JAMES COBURN'S** new spy spoof

FLINT FIGHTS BACK against



VILLAIN. New girl Jean Hale is the nubile nasty in Flint's new escapade. She even kidnaps our hero's very own harem (below).



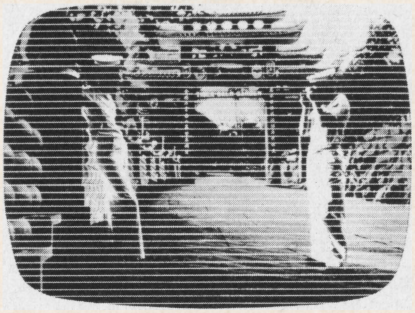
If you like to see action on the screen, you will revel in the new Flint adventure, *In Like Flint*. It is the fastest moving film of the year—and one of the most colourful.

As the star of the film, James Coburn, said after completing the production: "It's going to take me a couple of months to get my breath back."

In the new adventure, our hero moves at a fast pace from his New York home to a survival course in Death Valley. Soon after, he's skating across the rooftops of Moscow. It is, however, a surprise visit to the no man's land of the Fabulous Face Beauty Resort in the Virgin Islands that turns out to be the most intriguing trip of all. It is here Flint discovers he's up against a smart bunch of beautiful girls who aim to take over the world. And part of their plan involves kidnapping the President.

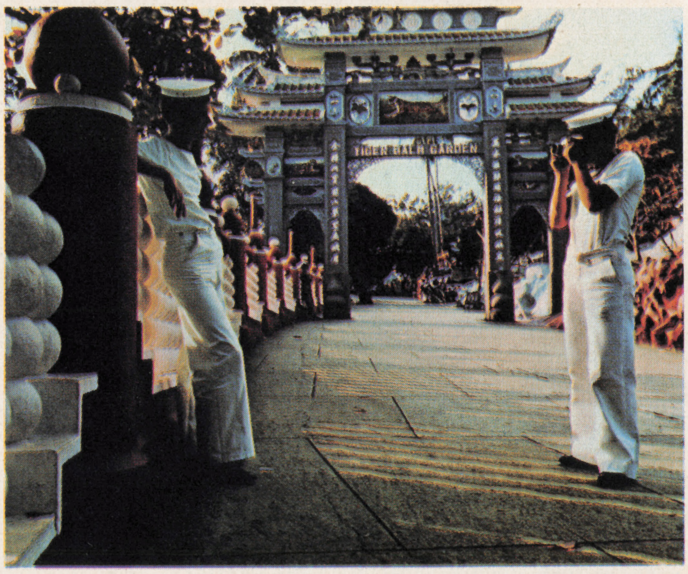
Flint first becomes interested when his boss, Cramden (Lee J. Cobb), head of Z.O.W.I.E., asks him to investigate a missing three minutes in the President's life. It is during these three minutes—in which the President is frozen solid by an exploding golf ball—that the girls make their first big step towards world domination. They hijack the great man and replace him with an exact double . . .!

When, later, Cramden is subtly disgraced by one of the lovely female villains, Flint becomes even more intrigued. Soon he is up to his neck in sea water—having bailed out of a Cuba-bound airliner. His aim is to find the secret entrance to the Fabulous Face Beauty Resort and discover exactly what is going on—and how to stop it.



Why wait for colour TV?

See the world for real in the Royal Navy



Want to go places? Then go for the Royal Navy.

You'll certainly get around.

How about the Mediterranean, Australia—or a trip to South America? They're just some of the colourful places you can expect to see.

And you'll get ahead. A good trade goes with your travel too: like working with space-age electrical, electronic or engineering equipment: or as a seaman operating advanced weapons.

You can move up fast. By his early twenties a good man can be earning well over £1,000 a year (including marriage allowance). And you've a good chance of a commission. For today one officer in three begins his career as a rating.

Get the facts. Post the coupon.
You can join at 15!
Get out of the rut. Get into the Royal Navy.

Royal Navy

Royal Naval Careers Service,
Dept. 922 Q X1,
Old Admiralty Building,
Whitehall, London, S.W.1

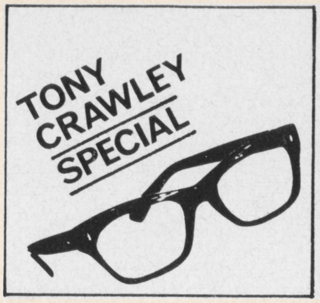
Please send me, entirely without obligation, the free 52 page booklet 'The Royal Navy as a Career'.

Name

Address

Date of birth

(Enquiries from U.K. residents only)



‘Had an offer for my first 1969 picture yesterday—it does go ahead a bit!’
Here's why . . .

The anatomy of the Billion Dollar Caine

His BACKGROUND

Real name: Maurice Joseph Micklewhite ("changed it via *The Caine Mutiny*—who wants a name like Maurice?") Born: Old Kent Road, 14th March, 1933. Parents: Billingsgate fish porter, who died before his son was a success, and a charwoman-mother, who financed his struggling years. As an evacuee of eight in Norfolk, he "acted" in a school play, did everything wrong and "got tremendous applause". Left his Peckham grammar school at 16½ for variety of jobs, including labouring and making Lyons' individual fruit pies. Absorbed by acting and the cinema, he took drama lessons at the Clubland Youth Club in the East End: "well, the classes had 15 girls and no boys". National Service took him into the Royal Fusiliers and Germany, Japan and Korea: "rotten, all those people trying to kill you".

His CAREER

Working at Smithfield he was astonished to hear of a newspaper actually devoted to just the theatre, *The Stage*: answered an ad. and joined the Horsham Rep. at £2 10s. a week as assistant stage manager, the lowest of the low. Did a few one-line roles, then a larger part: "the RADA actors couldn't do a Cockney accent". More rep.; "picking up accents from the posh, tennis-party types". Next: Marriage, fatherhood and divorce, all within three years. He understudied Peter O'Toole in *The Long And The Short And The Tall* play, and entered TV. Won three Best Actor nominations from some 125 TV roles, from a *Dixon Of Dock Green* spiv to the Willie Mossop in *Hobson's Choice* and Horatio in *Hamlet*—"the first time anybody had heard me speaking really properly". Film-break: Lieut. Bromhead in *Zulu*. Consolidating break: Harry Palmer in *The Ipcress File*. Result: Phenomenal success on both sides of the Atlantic. And he hasn't stopped since: *Alfie, The Wrong Box, Gambit, Funeral In Berlin, Hurry Sundown, Woman Times Seven, Billion Dollar Brain*—and *Deadfall* in Spain today. And there's plenty more where they came from . . .

His GAMBLE

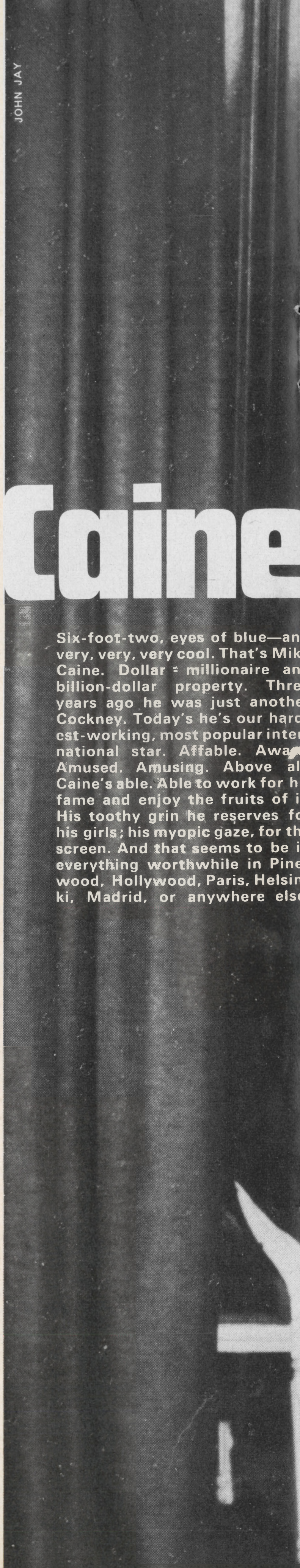
Caine has got where he wanted by waiting, and choosing his roles with uncanny accuracy. For instance, he turned down the £100-a-week role of P.C. Steele in *Z Cars*, which was written for him. "I was broke, but a long run is a short cut to failure as an actor." Just before *Zulu* opened, Hollywood tycoon Joe Levine offered him a £60-a-week contract. He was still broke but again he refused. "You're joking," he told Joe. "I can get £100 a week on TV." The waiting game has now paid off. "I have a basic shrewdness about what I can screw out of people."

His AIMS

"I've been an actor nearly all my life . . . trying to become the best actor possible with no thought of becoming a star. Suddenly I saw the opportunity of stardom; people whose opinions I valued thought I could make it. So I started a pressure of work in order to do so. Shakespeare said: '*There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune . . .*' That's why I keep working: to accomplish as much as I possibly can. For now. And for tomorrow—because in this business, you can still make money in your decline . . . look at Robert Taylor. The worst that can happen is that I fail. Then? Well, I can go back to the Elephant and say '*My name was up there . . .*' to show what I did. I started as a bum and if I go back to being a bum, I'd be no lower than when I started—and I've had a ball in the meantime."

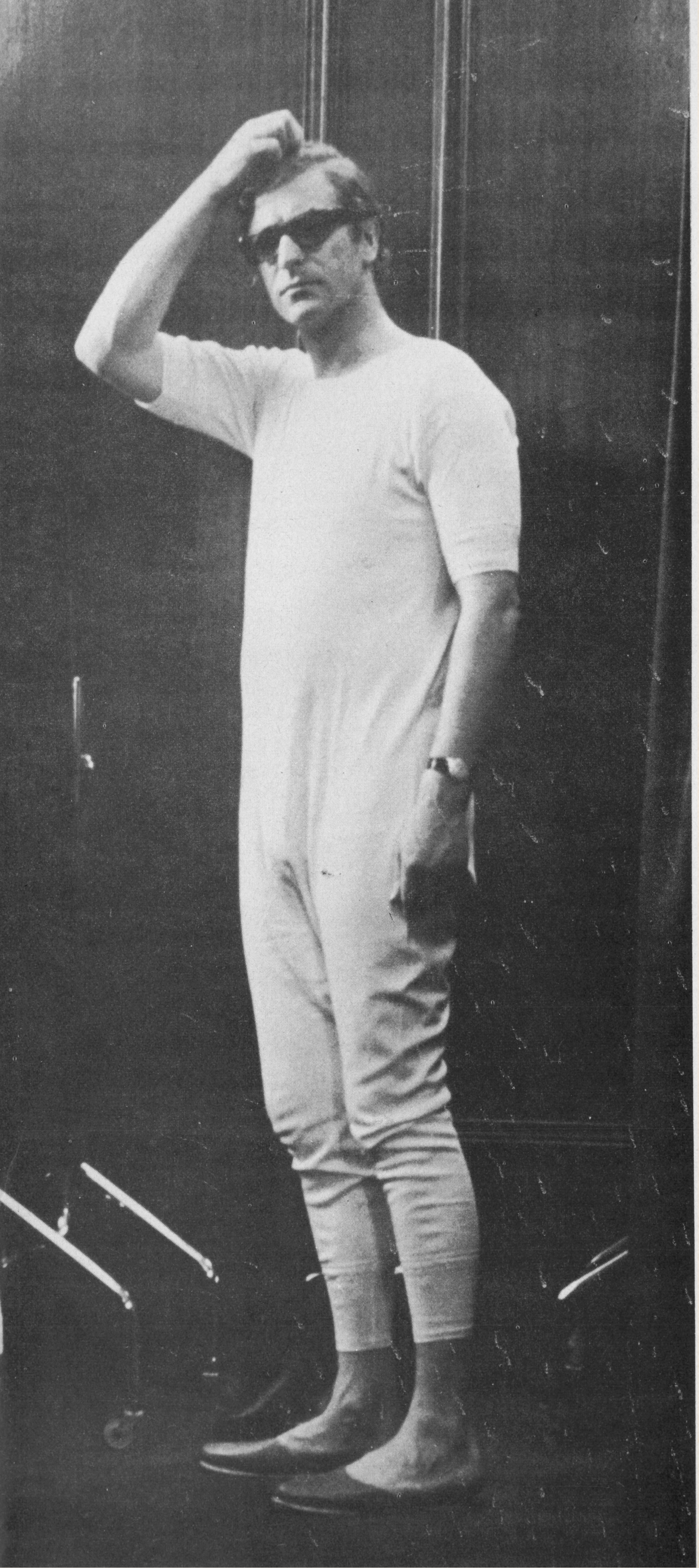
His ACTING

"I don't portray me on the screen—but *us*! My characterisations are based on people I've met, rather than on movie performances I've seen. And the thing I notice most is contradictions. Very good people have spots of wickedness; wicked people have spots of goodness. Life isn't all good or bad. People can get run over while they're laughing, for instance. I don't play anti-heroes—but anti-screen heroes. And I don't play villains because real-life men are heroes and villains at the same time. With your usual screen villain, you're interested only in what they're doing to other people; I'm interested in what they are doing to themselves. Like *Alfie*. Like Henry Warren in *Hurry Sundown*. The sadness of man destroying others *and* himself."



JOHN JAY

Six-foot-two, eyes of blue—an
very, very, very cool. That's Mik
Caine. Dollar = millionaire an
billion-dollar property. Thre
years ago he was just anothe
Cockney. Today's he's our hard
est-working, most popular inter
national star. Affable. Awa
Amused. Amusing. Above al
Caine's able. Able to work for h
fame and enjoy the fruits of i
His toothy grin he reserves fo
his girls; his myopic gaze, for th
screen. And that seems to be i
everything worthwhile in Pine
wood, Hollywood, Paris, Helsin
ki, Madrid, or anywhere els



His ACCENT

He made his first hit film with an aristocratic accent, superbly polished. In his latest Hollywood production, he's "a red-necked cracker who's up tight every time he sees a Negro", and U.S. critics could not fault his Southern tones. His own workaday accent is now more London than Cockney. "Tread on m'foot though, and it comes through thick Cockney," he comments. Certainly his talk is peppered with Cockney slang. "Hold on while I put on these almonds," he said to me in his dressing-room. Almonds? "Yeah, almond rocks—socks!"

His APPEAL

"What—me a sex-symbol? First time I heard that said, I looked around to see who they were talking about. I've never thought of myself as particularly sexy. Shifty, yes. I look very shifty. Which is amazing for someone who's over 6 ft. tall and blonde. They don't usually look shifty, blondes. But I manage! Think it's the glasses."

His GLASSES

Caine's horn-rimmed specs are as indelible a part of his image as his favourite blue shirts, his French cigarettes and his always photogenic girlfriends. "I'm short-sighted, that's why I wear them. Close to, I'm fine. But anything way off . . . mind you, I only wear 'em on-screen as Harry Palmer and then they're made of plain glass—because of the lights reflecting on real lenses. No, I don't mind glasses. I can hide behind them. The birds seem to like them, too—a security-image. Besides, you can see what you're getting."

His SUCCESS

"Being successful is like walking along a very pleasant street being built about 12 yards ahead of you. Very nice, very smooth. You don't trip over any paving stones or anything. But you can feel everybody building it just ahead . . . if you go too fast, you end up in the wet concrete. If you go too slow, somebody will overtake you and take the street over for themselves."

His FAME

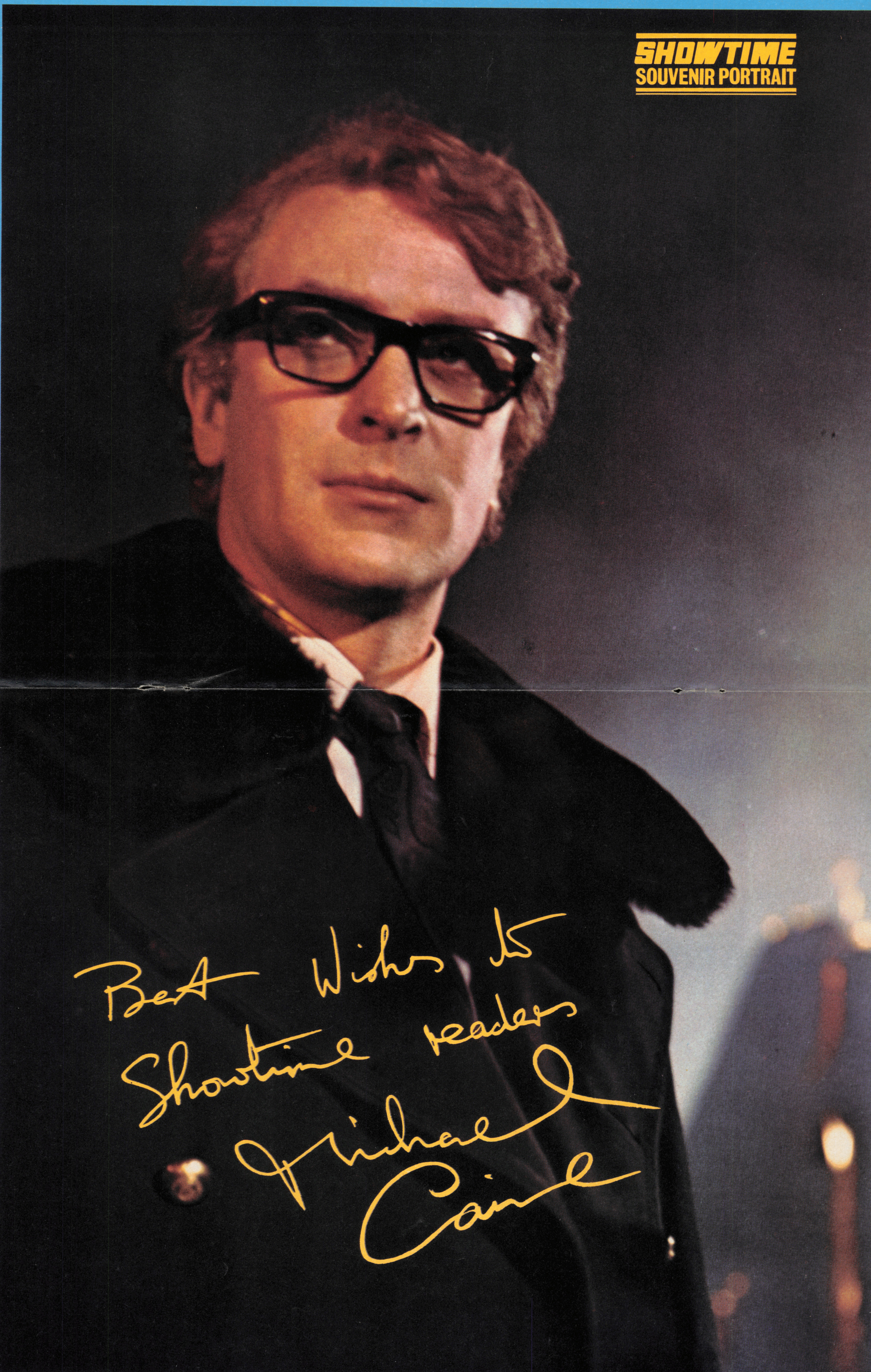
"You never catch up with your fame. I'm about a year behind. But what a great year, from zero to 100 in one wallop . . . it can never happen again like that for me. Yes, it's all very enjoyable, of course. But fame is only in the papers, the publicity, the premieres and the autographs—and even then, if they're not too sure of your face, they ask: *'Are you anybody?'* All that side of it doesn't affect me; I'm too old to have my head turned now, and the fame doesn't come into the work, the studio. The tremendous shock and feeling of fame is in the people willing to work with you, in your complete amazement that anybody bothered to see a picture you've made in the first place, and finally in the money. And I think it's the money—not the fame, as everybody says—that turns people over. You need to come to terms with that pretty quickly . . ."

His INCOME

"The greatest head-spinner of all is the money, which increases beyond your wildest dreams." Not long back from the Korean war, Mike won his first decent film role in, ironically, *A Hill In Korea*. His salary: £520. Ten years later he made *The Ipcress File* for £7,000. This year he's in the £200,000-a-film bracket. And rising. Fast. With his money he looks after his widowed mother, his daughter and himself (via endowment policies, etc.), and invests the rest with a view to security for that next marriage and family. Then he buys only—luxurious—necessities.

TURN page

JOHN JAY


SHOWTIME
SOUVENIR PORTRAIT
Best Wishes to
Showtime readers
Michael
Caine

MICHAEL CAINE in BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN

Caine

FROM previous page

His TAX

This is, needless to say, enormously high. So much so that he has said before now: "Directly it gets to a position where I think I'm being robbed, then my patriotism goes out of the window and I move out of the country." His latest comment: "If you want to live in Britain—as I do—then you have to come to terms with the fact that it costs a lot of money. But I don't intend to be patriotic in the workhouse when I'm 65."

His AWARDS

So far, for *Alfie* alone, he has received about 17 acting awards—including an Oscar nomination this year. "My greatest kick! Just what I wanted. No, honestly, I didn't want the actual Oscar. If I'd won it, where would I go? Everyone starts expecting too much from you. No, the nomination was fine; it means a great amount of class, and, also, of course, it's a tremendous benefit financially. Whether I'll ever win an Oscar, God only knows. Maybe they'll give me one out of sympathy after 20 years. And I'd rather have the 20 years in the business than have had the Oscar this year and be out of work this time next year!"

His HONOURS

In America, naturally, the honours come thick and fast. On his next trip, Mike has a date with a Hollywood tradition almost as important as Oscar night—leaving his hand and footprints in the foyer of the famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre. "I think I'm the fastest to be asked to do it—after only three years in movies. Will be the first time I've messed about with wet cement since my labouring days with Wimpeys."

His IMAGE

As a free-living, free-loving bachelor, Caine's reputation is notorious. "I'm not that lustful," he laughs. "But I don't mind the image. Better than being thought queer or something. It's healthy. And I like to think I helped start a trend back to girls."

His MORALS

"I had a strict C. of E. upbringing and a lot of those things stick. Ideally then, my morality is—one man, one woman. I don't think I'm sexually immoral, because every girl I go out with I'm in love with. I'm no one-night stand man. Any girl I go out with I could well wind up marrying. I'm a romantic, in fact. I'm just always in love. In love with love. But the only woman I've lived with was my wife."

His MARRIAGE

"That was a heart-rending tragedy," he says. It was in rep. at Lowestoft about 11 years ago that Caine met blonde actress Patricia Haines. "It was hate at first sight," he says. "Before I knew it, we were in love and got married." They lived first with his parents at Brixton, then in their own flat in Streatham. "I couldn't give up the business. I would have hated myself and resented my daughter for being the cause of it. Patsy and I had a terrible row. She gave me an ultimatum: *get a proper job or get out.* It was a straight choice between marriage and my career. I chose my career. I knew Patsy and the child would survive my leaving. But *I* couldn't have survived my staying."

His DAUGHTER

Dominique Micklewhite—"Nicky" to her dad—is now nine, and her proud father takes a framed photograph of her around the world with him. She is, naturally, receiving the best possible education—in the Midlands at a school that also takes her horse, Toby. Mike: "She's a smasher! I want her to grow up to be a lady, Swiss finishing school and all. I want her to have all the graces, learn something practical, be a fabulous wife to a fantastic man. To be the sort of girl I'd like to marry."

His 2nd MARRIAGE

No sign of it as yet, though he's planning for it financially. "Oh God yes, I want to get married again—when I'm really secure. Security of money *and* time, that is. Then find the woman I want to be with and stay with her. Always seen myself as a father with a large family. Six sons. Maybe five and a daughter. They'll have the best education. But I wouldn't risk subjecting such a family to failure. I'd rather be a lonely old man than try that. When it comes to failure, I'm a loner."

His LOVES

"I couldn't love a bitch. I've found my romantic ideal three times or so; they all had large green eyes and a generous mouth. Never been able to keep any of them, though, because of this profession, mainly. Even if you're the happiest married man in the world, when your job takes you away from home for a year, the milkman's going to be in there somewhere! And you can get fed up with people, too. That line in the marriage service—*'Till death do us part'*—was written in the Middle Ages when longevity meant 32 years or so. Now you've got to live with the same woman for 70 years."

His HATES

"Any touch of the class condescensions gets me right in the throat," he says. But his main hate is hate itself. "Since I started this career I've seen plenty of it. South Africa for *Zulu*; Hollywood during the Watts Riots—nobody there had heard of Watts until the riots; then Berlin, of course. And Baton Rouge for *Hurry Sundown* where, because of the colour prejudice nature of the film, we had to be guarded by the Louisiana State Troopers. Yes, I've seen enough hate to last a lifetime."

His HOME

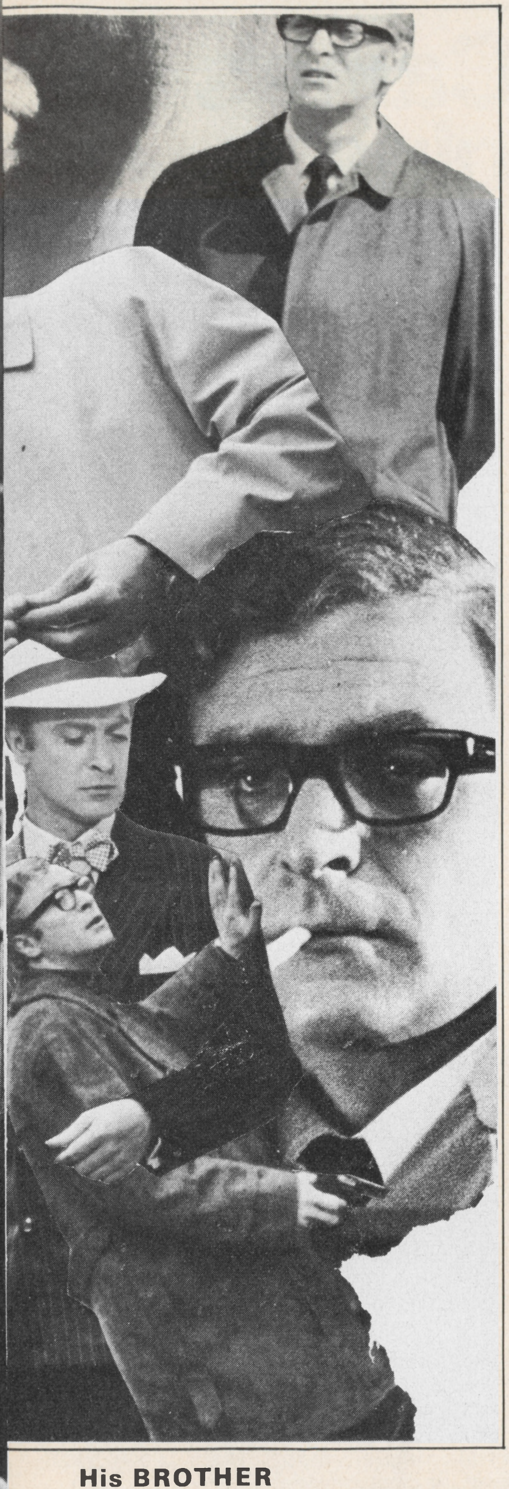
Caine has just left his swish bachelor-pad, a mews house off Marble Arch, and his two TV sets, piles of comfortable leather chairs, an ever-ready coffee pot, and a never-off hi-fi unit. "I'm sure it's connected to his door-bell," says one friend. "As the door opens, Sinatra sings, just in case . . .". He's moved to a sixth-floor, five-bedroom, four-bathroom flat in Grosvenor Square—unfurnished for the moment, except for a bed. Now he wants" a Riviera villa for the sun, of course." Of course!

His GARAGE

This remains empty—of a car, at least. Surprisingly, Caine can't drive, and is waiting to renew a cancelled order for a Rolls. The delay? "I'm never here to use it, am I? I'm off again now for seven months. Ridiculous then to buy a car and leave it to rot in the garage for seven months." Why a Rolls? "It's got plenty of leg-room. It's fast. And there's a whole lot of it between me and anybody who gets hit."

His MOTHER

Behind every great man, so they say, is a woman. In Mike's case Mrs. Ellen Micklewhite, 67, the synthesis of the very best Cockney Mum. A small, chubby, rosy woman with real warmth—and her hair in a bun. They're a close couple; he has lunch with her at her Brixton home every Sunday he can, and she often visits his pad, though she finds his area "too morbid". "My father as good as disowned me when I became a 'sissy' actor. My mum believed in me, and kept me going when things were rough—as a char scrubbing floors." She has retired now on Mike's orders, though she finds his sudden wealth baffling as well as rewarding. Once his cheque was late and she said she'd better go back to work. "She thought it was all over," says Mike.



His BROTHER

Stanley Caine (as he now is) who has just been given the old pad by Michael, has turned actor at 25. After a few TV roles, he was given a small role in *Billion Dollar Brain*. "It's very difficult being the young brother of a successful older brother, but he handles it very well," says Mike. "The only difference between us is that I feel a little responsible for him. He's going a head with his acting, having started, more or less, the same way I did. He enjoys it. Has a lot to learn. But then learning is interesting."

His FRIENDS

"When you're a success, suddenly everyone's your friend," he has said. The majority of the Caine Clan were his buddies before he'd made it. Mike's closest chums are still Terence Stamp and hairdresser Vidal Sassoon. Three East Enders together, who share the same char—the same zest for life. "I'm for people," says Mike. "I don't dig the silence-in-the-evening bit."

His ENTOURAGE

Mike has friends galore, both wealthy and needy; but he keeps his personal team to an important minimum. Just three men who travel the world with him on film assignments: his dresser, Roy Ponting; make-up man Freddie Williamson; and his stand-in, Johnny Morris. "Johnny turned up on the first day of *Ipcress*—sent along by the union, you know—and he was perfect. I was just very fortunate, that's all."

His MANNERS

Caine must be the only film actor—in Britain at least—who has a winning way with everyone. It's called: Honesty. Since his first triumph, I have heard no back-biting gossip about him from anyone in the industry. And the same goes for him; he doesn't say an unkind word about anyone he's worked with. His dates adore him—for his old-world courtesy in today's mod. styling. And he's just at home on the set, cracking jokes and discussing soccer with the technicians. "Well," he grins, "you can find too many actors doing a moody on people. I've got no chips on my shoulder. Brushed them off with £5 notes".

His SCHEDULE

As Britain's hardest-working star, Caine seems to be in everything, everywhere, and cheerfully commits himself a year or so in advance. And so far it has worked. "If I do catch 'flu or something, I don't stop working; I carry on right through. Hold up until the weekend, flake out on Friday night and somehow make it back in time for Monday morning."

His HOLIDAYS

Very few and far between. To celebrate *Ipcress*, he went to the Bahamas. Then he waited about two years and six more films before he kept his promise to himself and took seven months off—to New York, Los Angeles and Acapulco. And even then he fitted in a cheery fortnight in Paris giving four days to his pal, Shirley MacLaine, by appearing in one sketch of her film, *Woman Times Seven*. "I don't say a word in it; just follow Shirley and Anita Ekberg around the streets of Paris."

His IMPORTANCE

Money talks . . . and so producers, directors and writers all listen to this billion-dollar property when he wants to alter a line or switch a scene. "If I think of something—not to help me, but the role—I'll ask if I can put it in. The director will either say yes or no. He's the boss—not me. It's not a question of personalities, or any kind of contest. But I wouldn't make a film with a co-star or a director I didn't like. I wouldn't say I'd refuse the picture—just that I wouldn't do it with him or her. Then they get rid of me!"

His SELECTIVITY

With enormous luck or skill—or both—Mike Caine has not yet made a loser for the screen. "I choose what I want to do, what I would be happy in for a variety of reasons including change of pace. And as far as directors and co-stars are concerned, I haven't yet worked with anyone nasty—I even helped ruin Otto Preminger's reputation as an ogre, I think. Before I work with someone, I have a bit of dinner with them and stuff. If we don't like each other, we don't work together. Life is too short to spend three months in misery."

His SPY

"Harry Palmer is the spy's spy. Definitely sweaty, not glossy. The spy next door; after all, spies must live next door to somebody. In *Funeral In Berlin*, Harry was still insolent, cocky, but less naive. In *Billion Dollar Brain*, he's left M15, and set himself up as a private detective . . . only to be coerced back by Ross, his old boss. Next comes *Horse Under Water*. This was the second book; "didn't do great things, so we decided to do the best-sellers first. Then we'll probably turn the others into best-sellers. Just read the latest, *An Expensive Place To Die*, set in Paris. We haven't bought it yet; we don't know how long the series will last."

His PROJECTS

Currently in Madrid and Majorca, Mike is making *Deadfall* for Bryan Forbes, the first director he has worked twice for (the last time was on *The Wrong Box*). Mike plays a genius diamond-thief but this is no *Gambit*. There is little sophisticated comedy this time, just a web of astonishing intrigue between three thieves. And unlike *Rififi*, *Topkapi* and even *Gambit*, this film has not one, but three terrifyingly ingenious and daring robberies.

Next he goes to Greece and the island of Rhodes for *The Magus* with Anthony Quinn, for director Guy Green. This comes from the second book by *The Collector* author, John Fowles. "It's a fantasy," says Mike, not wanting to reveal too much of the plot. "Definitely, by a long, long chalk, it's the most off-beat picture that anyone's done!"

His AMBITIONS

When a Clubland member, he wanted to be a film director; helped edit the club's holiday films made on Guernsey. Today his own company (with company affiliations in Nassau and Switzerland) participates in all his films. In about six years' time, he aims to be producing films, though not necessarily starring. "To produce is to be governor. I've a nose for talent; you can always tell a bad actor by talking to him. That's the thing about actors, they're honest. But don't ask me what kind of films they'll be. If I knew what was going to be a success, I'd be the head of some studio getting seven million dollars a year, because I'd be worth it. Good pictures though. People go to see a movie only if it's good—and if they like the people in it."

His GIRLS

Finally to Caine's greatest forte. His success with *les girls*. They have a full section to themselves. But before turning the page, hear Shelley Winters' view on Caine, which he says is absolutely right. "He's basically a sound working-class boy, very old-fashioned about morals, and his ideals are very romantic. I think he's looking for a girl who says 'no'. The first girl who does, he's going to ask her to marry him."

EVERY LOVER

of beautiful rings should send for this wonderful new CATALOGUE

OVER 10,000 CRESTA RINGS IN STOCK

NO EXTRA CHARGE for EXTENDED CREDIT

CRESTA of Oxford St

GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

101. Single Diamond
1st Payment 17/6.
8 Payments 17/-.
or Cash £7.13.6.

114. Single Diamond
1st Payment £2.0.6.
8 Payments £1.16.6.
or Cash £16.12.6.

121. Single Diamond
1st Payment £2.7.6.
8 Payments £2.2.6.
or Cash £19.7.6.

140. Single Diamond
1st Payment £3.9.0.
8 Payments £3.4.6.
or Cash £29.5.0.

163. Single Diamond
1st Payment £5.18.0.
8 Payments £5.16.6.
or Cash £52.10.0.

302. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £1.5.0.
8 Payments £2.0.6.
or Cash £9.9.0.

308. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £1.13.0.
8 Payments £1.9.0.
or Cash £1[illegible].5.0.

314. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £2.0.0.
8 Payments £1.15.0.
or Cash £16.0.0.

317. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £2.3.0.
8 Payments £1.19.0.
or Cash £17.15.0.

332. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £3.0.0.
8 Payments £2.15.0.
or Cash £25.0.0.

603. 2 Dia. & R.R. Stone
1st Payment £1.17.6.
8 Payments £1.10.0.
or Cash £13.17.6.

605. 2 Dia. & Sapphire
1st Payment £3.9.0.
8 Payments £3.2.0.
or Cash £28.5.0.

501. Five Diamonds
1st Payment £2.7.0.
8 Payments £2.1.0.
or Cash £18.15.0.

504. Five Diamonds
1st Payment £3.2.0.
8 Payments £2.16.0.
or Cash [illegible].10.0.

201. Two Diamonds
1st Payment £2.5.0.
8 Payments £2.0.0.
or Cash £18.5.0.

172. Single Diamond
1st Payment £2.7.6.
8 Payments £2.2.6.
or Cash £19.7.6.

362. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £1.13.0.
8 Payments £1.11.6.
or Cash £14.5.0.

364. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £2.10.0.
8 Payments £2.5.0.
or Cash £20.10.0.

21. Signet Ring
1st Payment 12/-
8 Payments 11/-
Cash £5.0.0.

922. Wedding Ring
1st Payment 7/6.
8 Payments 10/-.
Cash £4.7.6.

Hold fast to the ecstasy of true love . . . eternally symbolised in a genuine CRESTA Diamond Ring.

Choose at home, where you can't be "talked into„ buying! You can have a CRESTA Diamond Ring NOW and pay later without touching your savings. Just a small first payment plus your promise of eight monthly payments, and the Ring of your choice is sent immediately in handsome presentation box, fully covered BY FREE INSURANCE,

★ SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for ALL H.M. FORCES and CUSTOMERS ABROAD Immediate attention given to orders ensures extra speedy service. Royal Navy Service men can purchase through pay allotment.

CRESTA'S foolproof guarantee cannot be surpassed!

FREE

AS TELEVISED

CRESTA (London) Ltd., 64-66 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Please send, without obligation, FREE Catalogue of rings (with FREE ring gauge) and watches.

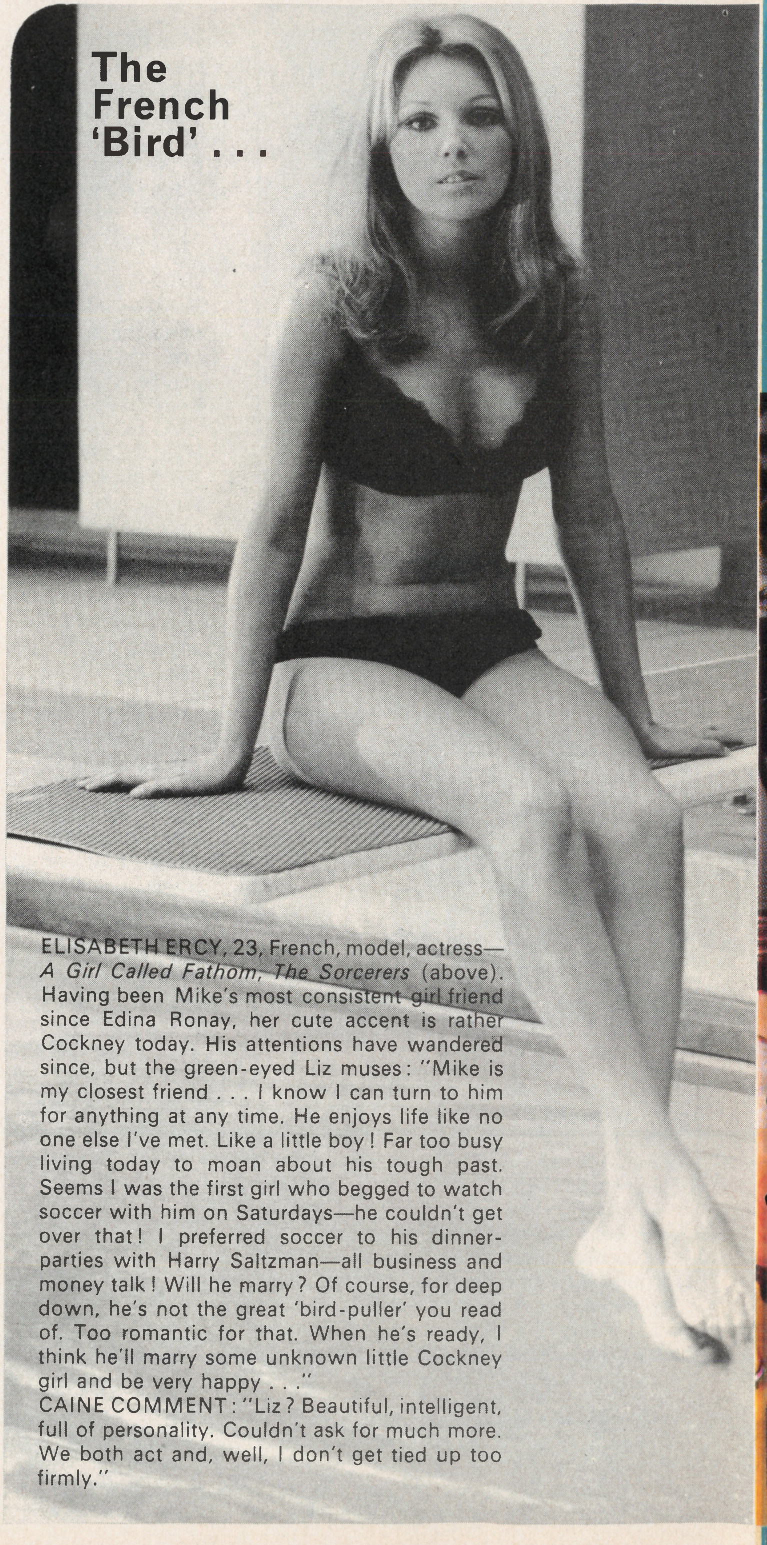
NAME
(Block letters)
ADDRESS

STN17

Caine's girls

"He seems to prefer foreign girls, maybe because they don't understand him."

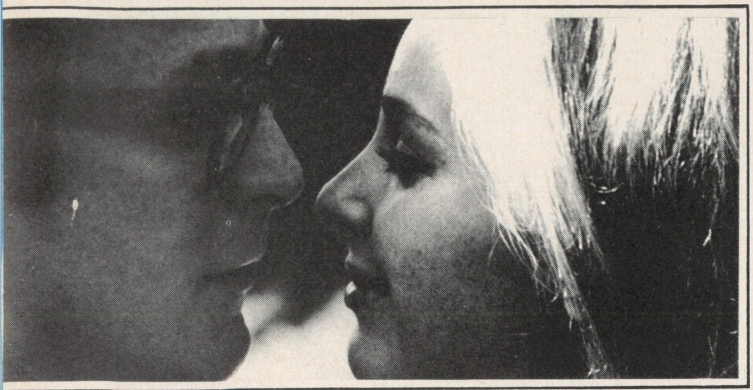
—Shirley Anne Field



The French 'Bird' . . .

ELISABETH ERCY, 23, French, model, actress—*A Girl Called Fathom, The Sorcerers* (above). Having been Mike's most consistent girl friend since Edina Ronay, her cute accent is rather Cockney today. His attentions have wandered since, but the green-eyed Liz muses: "Mike is my closest friend . . . I know I can turn to him for anything at any time. He enjoys life like no one else I've met. Like a little boy! Far too busy living today to moan about his tough past. Seems I was the first girl who begged to watch soccer with him on Saturdays—he couldn't get over that! I preferred soccer to his dinner-parties with Harry Saltzman—all business and money talk! Will he marry? Of course, for deep down, he's not the great 'bird-puller' you read of. Too romantic for that. When he's ready, I think he'll marry some unknown little Cockney girl and be very happy . . ."

CAINE COMMENT: "Liz? Beautiful, intelligent, full of personality. Couldn't ask for much more. We both act and, well, I don't get tied up too firmly."



. . . and the Swedish 'Sparrow'

CAMILLA SPARV, 23, Swedish-Russian, model, actress—*Murderers Row, Dead Heat On A Merry-Go-Round*. They met first at a New York party last year. "He was laughing his head off. That's what first attracted me—his laughter." They met again in London (above). Camilla arrived to make *Department K.* And they remained in touch, if only by phone, after they had left town on separate locations. "Oh, I adore him. Such a mind. He's learned so much through just living. I can listen to him for hours." They make quite a matching couple. They're both tall, blonde, myopic—and both have been married before. Will they try again? With each other? Camilla has been quoted as saying "yes", but she withdrew the remark the next day. So I asked Mike about the bird called Sparv, which is Swedish for sparrow!

CAINE COMMENT: "We're still going out. Together all the time. To the exclusion of all others. We're not engaged. We've no marriage plans. If we didn't get married, I wouldn't be surprised. If we did get married, I wouldn't be surprised." So there you are. Simple, really!

There's a CRESTA ring for every occasion
Over 10,000 Rings in Stock
Send for this FREE BOOK
It contains hundreds of illustrations of BEAUTIFUL RINGS

Rings from £3.10 to £500
NO EXTRA CHARGE for CREDIT

101. Single Diamond
1st Payment 17/6.
8 Payments 17/-.
or Cash £7.13.6.

302. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £1.5.0.
8 Payments £2.0.6.
or Cash £9.9.0.

603. 2 Dia. & R.R. Stone
1st Payment £1.17.6.
8 Payments £1.10.0.
or Cash £13.17.6.

172. Single Diamond
1st Payment £2.7.6.
8 Payments £2.2.6.
or Cash £19.7.6.

114. Single Diamond
1st Payment £2.0.6.
8 Payments £1.16.6.
or Cash £[illegible].12.6.

308. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £1.13.0.
8 Payments £1.9.0.
or Cash £12.5.0.

605. 2 Dia. & Sapphire
1st Payment £3.9.0.
8 Payments £3.2.0.
or Cash £28.5.0.

362. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £1.13.0.
8 Payments £1.11.6.
or Cash £14.5.0.

121. Single Diamond
1st Payment £2.7.6.
8 Payments £2.2.6.
or Cash £19.7.6.

314. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £2.0.0.
8 Payments £1.15.0.
or Cash £16.0.0.

501. Five Diamonds
1st Payment £2.7.0.
8 Payments £2.1.0.
or Cash £18.15.0.

364. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £2.10.0.
8 Payments £2.5.0.
or Cash £20.10.0.

140. Single Diamond
1st Payment £3.9.0.
8 Payments £3.4.6.
or Cash £29.5.0.

317. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £2.3.0.
8 Payments £1.19.0.
or Cash £17.15.0.

504. Five Diamonds
1st Payment £3.2.0.
8 Payments £2.16.0.
or Cash £25.10.0.

21. Signet Ring
1st Payment 12/-
8 Payments 11/-
Cash £5.0.0.

163. Single Diamond
1st Payment £5.18.0.
8 Payments £5.16.6.
or Cash £52.10.0.

332. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £3.0.0.
8 Payments £2.15.0.
or Cash £25.0.0.

201. Two Diamonds
1st Payment £2.5.0.
8 Payments £2.0.0.
or Cash £18.5.0.

922. Wedding Ring
1st Payment 7/6.
8 Payments 10/-.
Cash £4.7.6.

Cresta's beautiful catalogue illustrates hundreds of dazzling genuine Diamond Rings of artistic and exquisite design, all enhancing the sparkling beauty of gems worthy of every lover and beloved. Whatever the occasion you will find a suitable Ring to commemorate it and retain the happy memories with which you associate it. You can have a CRESTA guaranteed genuine diamond ring NOW and pay later without touching your savings—there is no extra charge for extended payments. SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for ALL H.M. FORCES and CUSTOMERS ABROAD. Immediate attention given to orders ensures extra speedy service. Royal Navy Service men can purchase through pay allotment.

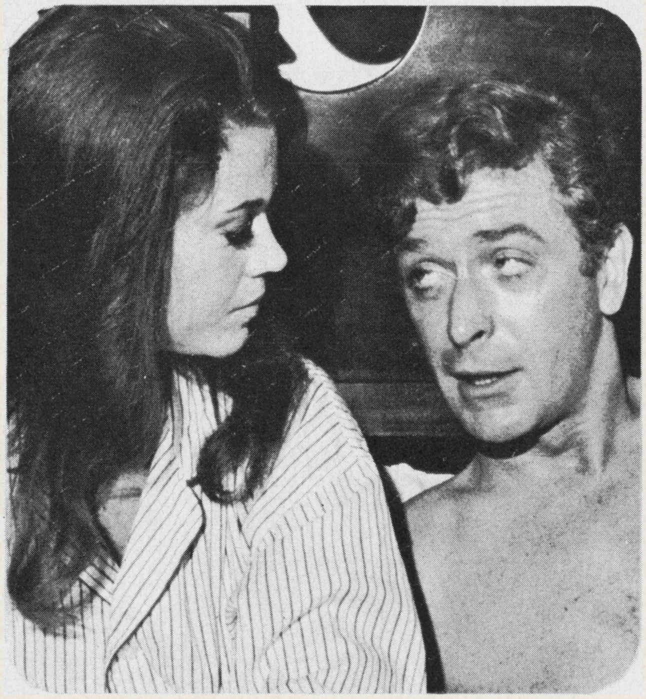
POST TODAY FOR *FREE* CATALOGUE

CRESTA (London) Ltd., 64-66 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Please send, without obligation, FREE Catalogue of rings (with FREE ring gauge) and watches.

NAME ....
(Block letters)
ADDRESS ....
....
STN17a ....

Caine's girls
Cont'd

> ❛I get sick of meeting all his different girls❜
> —Mrs. Ellen Micklewhite



Growing Fonda

JANE FONDA is very busy keeping two careers going at once. One in Hollywood, sometimes dramatic, but usually light and airy comedies; the other on the Continent, under the always erotic guidance of her husband, Roger Vadim. She merges both her styles as Michael Caine's wife in *Hurry Sundown*, a very young-star epic based on the best-selling 1,046-page novel. Jane's casting proved a last-minute decision by producer-director Otto Preminger, who had originally been talking about Candice Bergen in the role. Mike Caine, however, has no complaints.

CAINE COMMENT: "I adore Jane Fonda! Who wouldn't? She's one of the nicest people I've ever worked with; certainly one of the best actresses. She has this thing that a lot of Hollywood stars have: a completely professional attitude to her work. In Britain, actresses are apt to be completely professional in the theatre only. They regard movies as a bit of a giggle; the means to getting enough money to buy a car or something! Not Jane. She is, as I have said, one of the nicest women I've met. The only other one to come into this category is Shirley MacLaine."

Oh, Ralli . . !

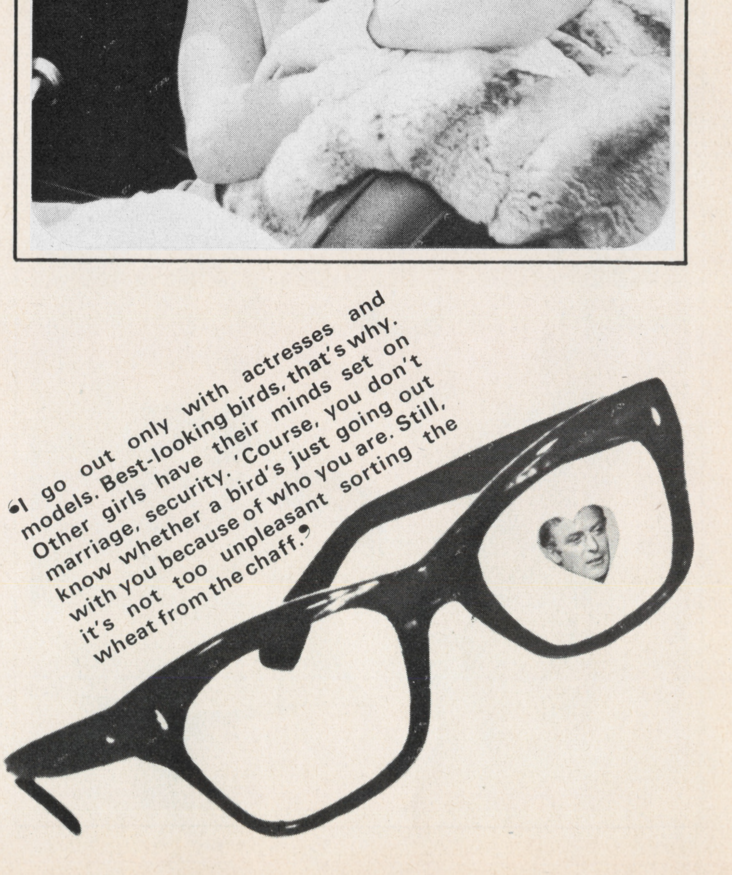
GIOVANNA RALLI is Caine's newest co-star. And if all goes well between them—and between takes—during the Spanish locations of their film, *Deadfall*, Mike could well end up with a new painting or two for that penthouse he's after. A Ralli? Yes, a genuine Giovanna Ralli. For this latest, languorous line in smooth-chassied Italian exports is as fine an artist on canvas as she is on screen (remember her in *What Did You Do In The War, Daddy?*). Her Rome home, in fact, is full of paintings by such leading contemporary names as Guttuso, Mafai, Rosai and Vespignani—who happen to be her greatest friends. Meanwhile, the two stars share other interests too—soccer and antique furniture.

In her first British film, Giovanna plays a girl called Fé, while Caine is a man called Jee. They make fine thieves. But there is more, much more to the plot than robberies.

The star of 30-odd Italian films, Giovanna (pronounced Jovanna) is unmarried, travels with her brother, and always puts her work first. So much so that she considers every break between films "a rather unpleasant and boring time". That's when she gets her paints out.

CAINE COMMENT: "Before we met I'd seen Giovanna only in the film, *La Fuga*, with Anouk Aimee. She won the Italian Oscar for that, and for any young actress to win an award with Anouk Aimee around must be good. Certainly good enough for me!"

> ❛I go out only with actresses and models. Best-looking birds, that's why. Other girls have their minds set on marriage, security. 'Course, you don't know whether a bird's just going out with you because of who you are. Still, it's not too unpleasant sorting the wheat from the chaff.❜



Mac The Life!

SHIRLEY MACLAINE is Caine's favourite girl co-star. Firm pals since *Gambit*, he gladly travelled to Paris during his recent vacation to join her for four days in her new film, *Woman Times Seven*. "I don't even say a word in the sketch. But it was worth it. Shirley's so much fun to work with. Pleasant. Charming. Warm. Lively. Witty. A great girl!"

Runaway Dunaway

FAYE DUNAWAY is part of the new Hollywood—where they have finally got around to discovering lovely girls who can act, instead of pretty starlets who can wiggle. Actually it was Caine's main mentor, producer Harry Saltzman, who first saw Faye's potential in an off-Broadway play. He wanted her for Harry Palmer's girl in *Funeral In Berlin*. Faye preferred to be in Miami for *The Happening* with Anthony Quinn and the *Cat Ballou* director, Elliott Silverstein. No matter, she and Caine eventually joined forces—on opposite sides of the romantic fence—in *Hurry Sundown*. And furthering her runaway success, she's made *Bonnie And Clyde* with Warren Beatty, and has just begun director John Frankenheimer's first comedy, *The Extraordinary Seaman* (who's David Niven, by the way). A huge success, she seems to be following the Caine example in life. "I've always worked too hard for the future," she says. "Now I'm living for today!" And Faye's O.K., adds director Silverstein. "A real woman—with the most beautiful, decadent eyes."

CAINE COMMENT: "She's a cross between Brigitte Bardot and Patricia Neal—she has a lot of Pat Neal's qualities. I think she'll be an enormous star."

A La Francoise

FRANCOISE DORLEAC is one half of the French answer to the Redgrave girls. And after she and the other half, her sister, Catherine Deneuve, had proved their worth in drama, via a film each with Roman Polanski in London, they both went gaily musical recently in *The Young Girls Of Rochefort*. Francoise is the unmarried sister; at first glance, an introvert, for her face seems carved for suffering and torment. No surprise then to hear her admit: "Until I was 15 I had a burning ambition to be a nun." Her face is often called Garboesque, though the *Billion Dollar Brain* director, Ken Russell, sees more Dietrich in it—the tormentor more than the tormented. However, Francoise's big ambition is to play the Garbo role in *La Dame Aux Camillas*. Meanwhile, she is Anya, a devious, seductive Finnish spy, part and parcel of Harry Palmer's adventures in Helsinki and Texas.

CAINE COMMENT: "I'm a bit of a bore on the subject of women, aren't I? Well, I've loved all the women I've worked with so far. Francoise, for instance, is absolutely marvellous. Very professional. Very ambitious—but going the right way about it. No premieres in low-cut dresses for her. No, her way of getting on is learning her lines, being on the set on time, and working properly. No wonder she's conquered them all at Pinewood, including me!"

DISCS

Anyone who saw those marvellous chilling early horror films which made Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney, Dwight Frye and other actors famous, will tell you that today's horror pictures seem pretty tame by comparison.

Shot in black and white and using simple but frighteningly effective sets, films like *Frankenstein*, *Dracula* and *The Mummy* (all made in the early 1930s) had audiences shuddering in their seats.

A new LP, ***An Evening With Boris Karloff*** (*Brunswick*), features famous scenes taken from the original soundtracks of the greatest monster movies. It is fascinating to hear these old screen shockers once again and Boris Karloff does an excellent job of telling the film horror story from its very beginning.

My favourite piece on this unusual album comes when the late Colin Clive, as Henry Frankenstein, looks at his monster, built from parts of bodies gathered from the graves, the gallows and the mortury, and exultantly declares: "It's moving . . . it's alive . . . it's alive!" This was horror at its best.

If you are looking for a record to give your party a romantic mood, try Shelby Flint's ***Cast Your Fate To The Wind*** (*Valiant*). With her soft, sugar-sweet voice and imaginative phrasing, Shelby is ideal material for those after midnight hours when the lights are turned down low.

She has some excellent songs to offer on the LP. Side one includes those haunting numbers, *The Green Leaves Of Summer*, *Yesterday* and *Softly As I Leave You*; side two is equally rich, including *Hi-Lilli, Hi-Lo*, *Bluebird* and *Angel On My Shoulder*.

I look forward to hearing more of Shelby Flint. She has a pleasant, clear voice and she knows how to use it.

There isn't one dull track on ***The 4 Seasons 2nd Vault Of Golden Hits*** (*Philips*). The album offers early hits by the famous group, including *Sherry*, *Walk Like A Man* and *Big Girls Don't Cry*, and more recent chart successes such as *Working My Way Back To You*, *Opus* PT and *I've Got You Under My Skin*.

This is an album for all seasons.

Tom Jones' recent album, ***Green, Green Grass Of Home*** (*Decca*), is a pleasant mixture of songs old and new. Apart from the title song, there are two other numbers which took the singer into the charts: *Funny Familiar Forgotten Feelings* and *Detroit City*.

Other songs include some of the Frankie Laine hits of the 1950s: *Riders In The Sky*, *Sixteen Tons* and *Cool Water*.

Tom tackles them all with plenty of heart and the backings are excellent.

Elvis Presley is in a quiet and sober mood on ***How Great Thou Art*** (*RCA Victor*). Although many people will cringe at the thought of Presley tackling religious songs such as *Where Could I Go But To The Lord?* and *Where No One Stands Alone*, he does, in fact, handle them admirably.

Crying In The Chapel is also featured on the album and that proved to be an enormous success when it came out as a single. Why, then, shouldn't some of these others do just as well?

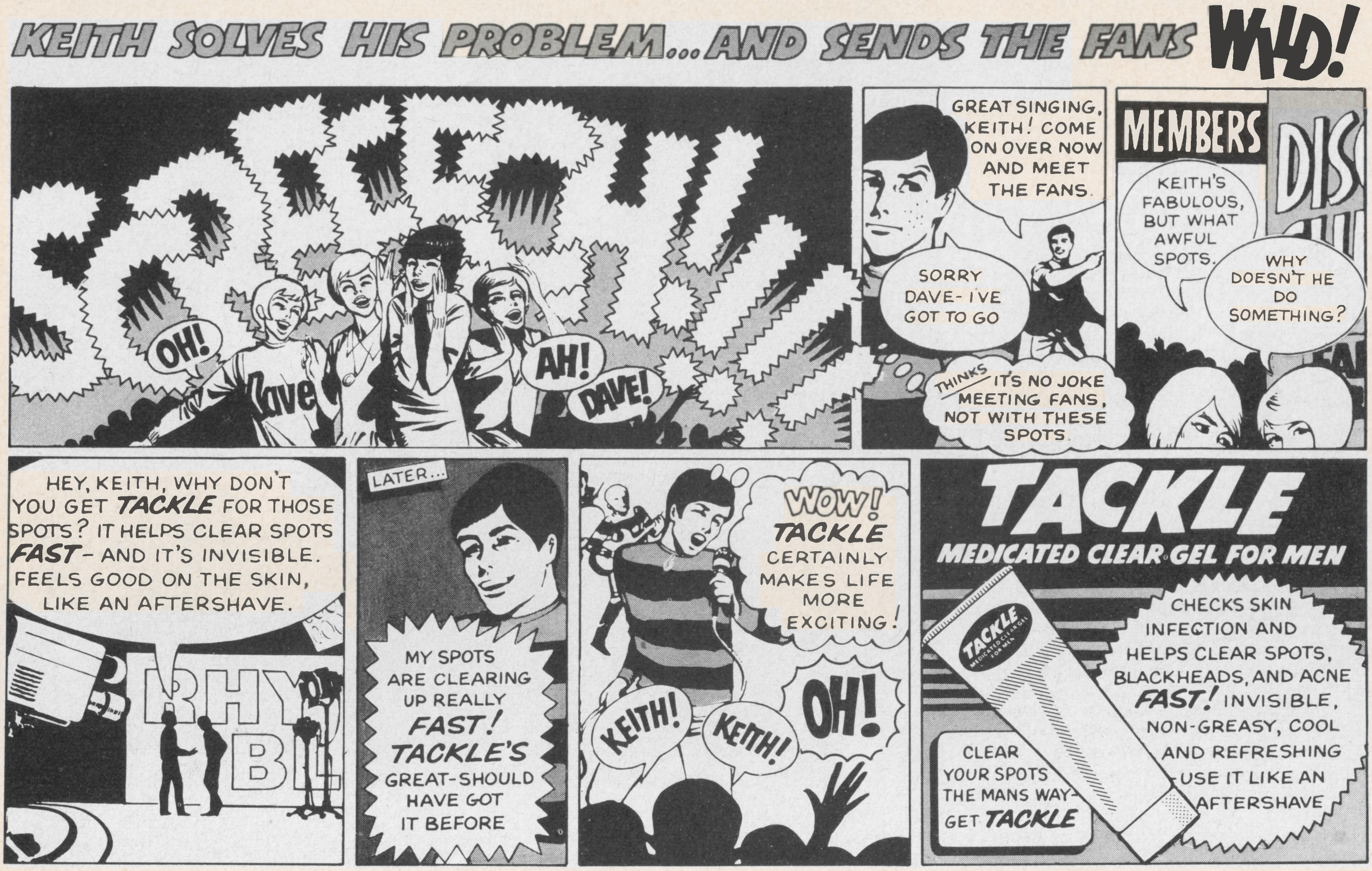
Portrait Of Joan Baez (*Fontana*) includes some charming numbers, all beautifully sung by the famous folk singer. My favourite tracks are *Farewell Angelina*, *All My Trials* and *The Trees They Do Grow High*, but each song tells its own story and Miss Baez captures the different moods with great skill.

Alexis Korner's LP ***I Wonder Who?*** (*Fontana*) doesn't have any qualities which prompt me to recommend it with even luke-warm enthusiasm. It's noisy and repetetive and the songs are dull. I like the cover, though!

There cannot be many pianists in the world who play Beethoven better than the East End-born Solomon. On a new album titled simply ***Solomon*** (*MFP*), the great musician presents Beethoven's Concerto No. 1 in C major, Op. 15, and Concerto No. 2 in B flat major, Op. 19. It is a feast of music for lovers of classical music. With the Philharmonia Orchestra joining him, Solomon soon shows that he is never more at home than when playing the works of this brilliant composer. At 10/6 this album is superb value.

TO page 42

Modern miss with the antique gramophone is Charlotte Rampling, the "Charley"-girl star of *Georgy Girl*. In her new film, *The Long Duel*, "Charley" co-stars with Yul Brynner (see page 40).


KEITH SOLVES HIS PROBLEM... AND SENDS THE FANS WILD!
OH!
Dave
AH!
DAVE!
GREAT SINGING, KEITH! COME ON OVER NOW AND MEET THE FANS.
SORRY DAVE - I'VE GOT TO GO
THINKS IT'S NO JOKE MEETING FANS, NOT WITH THESE SPOTS.
MEMBERS
KEITH'S FABULOUS, BUT WHAT AWFUL SPOTS.
WHY DOESN'T HE DO SOMETHING?
HEY, KEITH, WHY DON'T YOU GET TACKLE FOR THOSE SPOTS? IT HELPS CLEAR SPOTS FAST - AND IT'S INVISIBLE. FEELS GOOD ON THE SKIN, LIKE AN AFTERSHAVE.
LATER...
MY SPOTS ARE CLEARING UP REALLY FAST! TACKLE'S GREAT - SHOULD HAVE GOT IT BEFORE
WOW! TACKLE CERTAINLY MAKES LIFE MORE EXCITING!
KEITH!
KEITH!
OH!
TACKLE
MEDICATED CLEAR GEL FOR MEN
CHECKS SKIN INFECTION AND HELPS CLEAR SPOTS, BLACKHEADS, AND ACNE FAST! INVISIBLE, NON-GREASY, COOL AND REFRESHING USE IT LIKE AN AFTERSHAVE
CLEAR YOUR SPOTS THE MANS WAY GET TACKLE

How would you like to be a stewardess in the WRAF?

They find life interesting and exciting, helping to run the officers' mess on an R.A.F. station. They like the pay (and there are no living expenses); the smart uniform; and lots of bright companionship, on and off duty. In addition to waiting, duties may also include bar and valeting service. If you want a secure job with very good chances of promotion, why not join them? If you are at least 17 years of age and a U.K. resident, get in touch with your local R.A.F. Careers Information Office (address in telephone book). Or post this coupon to:-

W.R.A.F. (922PH3) Careers Information Service, Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Please send illustrated booklet about life in the W.R.A.F.

NAME__________

ADDRESS__________

__________DATE OF BIRTH__________

WRAF

These girls do!

FROM page 13

"The producer is really a sort of company manager, and I usually find one or two good company managers who run that part of it for me. I don't know a thing about the business aspect of films. I write a script, prepare the production with my company manager and his staff, and the film gets made. As far as the producer's editorial judgment goes, I have enough friends and acquaintances to whom I can turn for editorial judgment and evaluation if I need it."

Surely, I interrupted, *you were a producer at MGM for some time?*

"Yes," he agreed, "I was—for ten years. I never wanted to be a producer with them. I just had to be. I asked Louis Mayer if I could direct and he told me that first I would have to produce; that I would have to learn to crawl before I could walk! It made pretty good sense."

I then asked Mankiewicz to what degree he was prepared to discuss with an actor the question of difference of interpretation when making a film.

"I think an actor should be encouraged to give his interpretation," he said. "Often he has something to offer that the director—or even the writer—may not have thought of. This can be a great advantage which can add to the dramatic content of a movie.

"However," he went on, "once that's done it's up to the director again. After all, an actor's role is called a 'part'. And a 'part' means something which goes into the making of a whole.

"It's a director's function to make a 'whole' out of the many parts. He must have an overall concept in his mind: he must be able to explain to each actor and encourage each actor in the playing of his part so that the whole comes off.

"It is an act of contempt, on the other hand, for an actor to insist '*Let me say it my own way.*' It is not even constructive. It's childish."

Our conversation then switched to *The Honey Pot*, the film inspired by *Volpone*, Ben Johnson's Elizabethan drama of a man's cupidity. With this film, Mankiewicz returns to the style for which he is best known: the psychological high comedy, with brittle, sparkling conversation.

The Honey Pot, set in a sumptuous Venetian palace, stars Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward, Cliff Robertson, Capucine, Edie Adams and Maggie Smith.

"It's in the same general style as *All About Eve*," Mankiewicz explained, "and incorporates one of my pet themes. I believe that in life, everyone writes a script for himself . . . then something happens which louses it up for you. Or maybe you louse it up for yourself. This is my pet approach in writing about other people's frailties and foibles.

"In this film I've introduced false finishes and, in fact, Rex Harrison's last line is: '*Wouldn't it be wonderful if, just once, the script wound up the way we wanted it?*'."

Mankiewicz paused, and went on: "This is the fourth film I've done with Rex Harrison and the part was written specially for him. Of course, he is a consummate artist. He is superb, and I think this is as good a performance as he has ever given: brilliant!

"I have worked with Susan before, too. She's a thorough professional. Although she was undergoing a personal experience that would have shattered most women [her husband died while the film was being made], she did a wonderful job with a part which you wouldn't have suspected she would play.

"To me, one of the great delights of the film was working with Maggie Smith, whom I really admire. She is a brilliant actress of the type that we don't have any more. I hope Maggie will do a great many more films because she fills a niche which is strangely empty now. By this I mean the niche that used to be filled by Carole Lombard and Ina Claire: the high comedienne; the terribly smart, attractive young woman who (forgive that word again) can speak; who can say things; who is possessed of talents other than fantastic bosoms or a kook personality."

CRITICS?

MASTER. Joe Mankiewicz, one of Hollywood's most distinguished master film-makers, at work on *The Honey Pot*—his first film since his most headlined chore of all: *Cleopatra*.

Mankiewicz frowned, and then confided: "You know I'm getting a little bored with the kook personality. I keep looking around for something that resembles a *woman* on the screen. I'm tired of seeing men making love to 'men'. I would like to see some differential in the sexes pointed out on the screen. This, I believe, would be rather startling."

As Mankiewicz paused, studying his still unlit pipe, I raised the subject of television—and got more than I bargained for.

"Do you know," he cried indignantly, "in America I've had my films completely butchered on television. Yes, butchered! Take *The Barefoot Contessa*, for example. I saw it while I was in hospital for an operation six months ago. I very nearly had a relapse!

"Eddie O'Brien's part, which won him an Academy Award, was cut out entirely to suit the whims of the advertiser!

"American television is not, as they insist, a medium of communication. It is an advertising medium, interrupted from time to time by small snatches of what they hope will be entertainment. The sole object of every hour is to show eight commercials on which advertisers have usually spent an enormous amount of money—almost as much as the film cost to make."

What, I wondered, *had been the highlight of the career of this man who has been associated with so many successes?* He has, after all, won Academy Awards for *A Letter To Three Wives*, *All About Eve*, *Julius Caesar* and *Suddenly, Last Summer*.

"Well, that's a question nobody has ever asked me! What I shall look back on with most pleasure—in other words, with the most delight at having been around—is the fact that I was deeply involved with, and a part of Hollywood during the 1930's and 1940's, before television came along: when Hollywood was young and lusty and unashamed in its behaviour. These were 20 good, very exciting, very enjoyable years."

And what of the film industry today? Had he, as a director/writer/producer, any criticism?

"Criticism?" he asked. "The only criticism I would want to make is, once again, of the criticism made of the industry. It's about time the critics of the industry stopped whipping this not only dead but decomposed horse called Hollywood.

"Isn't it time we stopped whipping a generalisation and started evaluating films the way plays are evaluated; the way books are judged? *In terms of who made them.* So many people apply this easy and non-existent generality called 'Hollywood' to certain types of films. In fact, many 'Hollywood' films are made in Rome, California, or in London. Films should not be judged by their locations. As I tried to show in *The Honey Pot*, I think of Southern California as a terrifying place; Los Angeles is, I think, the most terrifying city in the world.

"Why? Because it's the city of the future. And that future is frightening . . . Orwellian."

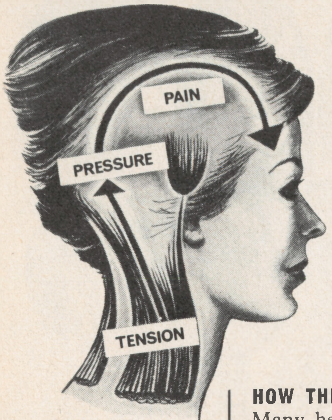
What sort of man is Mankiewicz? Is he perhaps religious?

"I have no truck with any organised religion whatsoever. I believe in the ultimate (I hope) decency of man, the responsibility for which he must find within himself, and face. If he doesn't, the jig is up," he said.

"The important point to remember is that the universe is now the property of man and whether he likes it or not, he has to face up to the fact. He can blow it up. A generation ago it was still God who was going to take care of us and put us on the moon ahead of the Russians. That just isn't so any more. This universe on which we live is man's—either to blow up . . . destroy . . . or to maintain."

Does Mankiewicz ever get the urge to communicate this belief in his work?

"What, and get my brains beaten out by the critics? I have enough problems as it is writing dialogue. Perhaps I can get one of the Nouvelle Vague directors to take over the theme. He ought to do very well with a hand-held camera!"


PAIN
PRESSURE
TENSION

How to Relieve
TENSE
NERVOUS

HEADACHES

HOW THESE HEADACHES START
Many headaches start somewhere you'd never suspect—in the muscles of the back of the neck and scalp. When you get "nervy" these muscles tighten up, causing pressure on nerve endings and tiny blood vessels and resulting in pain. In turn the pain builds up more tightness, more pressure and makes your headache worse.

HOW 'ANADIN' RELIEVES NERVOUS HEADACHES
The special 'Anadin' formula gets straight to the root of the trouble, by soothing nerves and relaxing the tautness as well as relieving pain. 'Anadin' helps you to throw off depression too—leaves you calm, cheerful, relaxed. Always insist on 'Anadin' tablets.

ANADIN
Relieves
Pain fast
★
Releases Pressure
★
Eases
Tension

Nothing acts faster than

ANADIN
REGD.

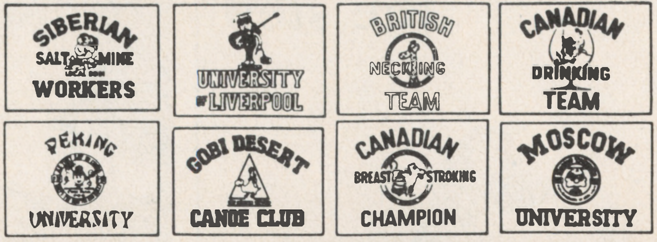
'Anadin' tablets—the power to stop pain.

THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN STYLED SLOPP SHIRT

Colours: White, Navy Blue, Sky Blue, Black, Cherry Red, Olive Green, Beige, Gold, Pink Banana, Mint Green—All Washable.
Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large.

AMAZING VALUE ONLY 29/11 each

SEND S.A.E. FOR FREE BROCHURE


SIBERIAN SALT MINE WORKERS
UNIVERSITY of LIVERPOOL
BRITISH NECKING TEAM
CANADIAN DRINKING TEAM
PEKING UNIVERSITY
GOBI DESERT CANOE CLUB
CANADIAN BREAST STROKING CHAMPION
MOSCOW UNIVERSITY

Playboy University
Sixty Nine
Harvard
Notre Dame
University of California
Yale
Oxford
Cambridge
Bach
Beethoven
Bull Shirt
Plain—No Emblem

CANADIAN NECKING TEAM
GOBI DESERT CANOE CLUB

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR MONEY REFUNDED
FILL OUT ORDER FORM BELOW
AND CUT OUT

S2

NAME ....

ADDRESS..

....

Please fill in 2nd choice for colour in column

Order by Name	1st Choice Colour	2nd Choice Colour	Size	Quantity	TOTAL £ s. d.

Mail to: CANADIAN NOVELTY SHIRT CO.,
42 Rosslyn Hill, London, N.W.3

Postage and Packing 2/1 extra. Send Cash, Cheque or Postal Order.

You are looking for a better job. You have heard about the good life and the excellent opportunities in today's R.A.F. ground trades

Now you want the simple hard facts about the pay, conditions and trades the R.A.F. will offer you.

O.K.

Send off for the fascinating colour booklet.
You'll never regret it.

MAN ON THE GROUND

To: R.A.F. Careers Information Service (922 DD4)
Victory House, Kingsway, London W.C.2. Please send me, without obligation, details of R.A.F. Careers.
(*Enquiries from U.K. residents only*)

NAME..

ADDRESS..

.... DATE OF BIRTH..

Charles Atlas
HOW Dynamic Tension MAKES YOU A NEW MAN
FREE

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A BODY LIKE MINE!
I'LL PROVE IT IN ONLY 7 DAYS

I was once a skinny weakling of 7 stone—ashamed to be seen in a swimsuit, couldn't even approach a girl! Then I discovered the secret that twice won me the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man". My secret is "Dynamic Tension"—the easy, natural method of developing REAL MEN, inside and out!

Accept My 7-day Trial Offer

Just one week! In even that short time you will notice your chest hardening and filling out with solid muscle—or the trial will cost you nothing! This is proof enough that with my **Dynamic Tension method I will make you a New Man**

Let me send you a FREE copy of my 32-page illustrated book crammed with photographs, valuable advice, answers to many vital questions, details about DYNAMIC TENSION. Post coupon to:

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept 76-U, Chitty Street, London, W.1

You can win this trophy

CHARLES ATLAS ON T.V.

JIU JITSU KARATE
BOXING
WRESTLING
FEATS OF STRENGTH
HAND BALANCING
A FREE GIFT

5 FREE GIFTS
If you act now in addition to my complete course you will also get these 5 valuable outline courses.

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept. 76-U, Chitty Street, London, W.1

Send me absolutely FREE details of your amazing TRIAL OFFER and your book explaining "Dynamic-Tension" crammed with photographs and valuable advice.

NAME..
(Block letters, please)
ADDRESS..

....

.... **AGE**..

So you finally took the step

Congratulations.

And welcome to the local group of Tampax tampon users.

We've been telling you for months that you would feel cool, clean, fresh, even in hot, sticky weather. We told you that you could swim anytime of the month. We promised you complete comfort during any activity. We even mentioned that Tampax tampons are so comfortable, you can't feel them in place.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOUR

And now we promise you one more thing: no regrets.

Correction: one regret. Quite a few users have written us that their only regret was that they didn't turn to Tampax tampons sooner.

TAMPAX
tampons
SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY
MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX LIMITED, HAVANT, HANTS.

RAYMONDO

Star-day:
NATALIE WOOD
20th July, 1938

Things have not been going too smoothly for Nat this year. She has had a lot of trouble in trying to net the right people for her new film, *Very Special People*—first Oskar Werner went, then the director bowed out. Now, she's abandoned the project, to make *The Old Man And Me* instead.
Her star is:

CANCER, 22nd June—23rd July
Truth can prove stranger than fiction, so when an older person tells you something incredible, there could be some truth in it. Some will regret a recent change or decision and you may just have to make the best of it.

LEO, 24th July—23rd August
The opinion of others seems very important to you, but do try to be more independent. If sure that you are acting for the best, have confidence in your own, unaided, choice. Where cash is concerned, a discouraging phase: resist the temptation to blue your savings.

VIRGO, 24th August—23rd September
Footsore and weary you may become, but travel you must. Many will pack and go unexpectedly, and some whose holidays were planned a long time ago will have to make last-minute changes. Romantic interests blossom, but these are not lasting . . .

LIBRA, 24th September—23rd October
A quiet spell when you can relax and take stock. A friend of the opposite sex could well be more interested in you than you think. Letters, either sent or received, could have an enormous influence in your life.

SCORPIO, 24th October—22nd November
Schemes have to be shelved temporarily—irksome chores have to be completed. A hobby or sport will keep you busy; do not allow it to take up all your spare time. Be tactful if you want to get your own way.

SAGITTARIUS, 23rd November—22nd December
Your opinion is over-ruled when someone in authority exercises their influence, but do not take the whole business too seriously. Look around for something else to occupy your mind.

CAPRICORN, 23rd December—20th January
You may be walking down the aisle this month as romance thrives. Neighbours prove surprisingly helpful when asked a favour. However, like them, you must be prepared to put yourself out for others.

AQUARIUS, 21st January—19th February
Happy-go-lucky you! It's all stations go for the next few weeks. Love and luck are a team working for you and in some cases look out for cash wins. Now you are a social success.

PISCES, 20th February—21st March
July starts off oh-so-slowly—but goes out with a bang! Fun is in store for you if you can get out of your daily routine. Outdoor activities are especially favoured, but hold tight to your money.

ARIES, 22nd March—20th April
Look to others for gains: your own efforts will need a booster from friends or work-mates to achieve success. Change of place suits you and it could prove to be just what you have been looking for.

TAURUS, 21st April—21st May
Running around in circles, getting nowhere . . . This could be you if you don't stop to plan. A complicated situation solves itself and at work or at play; an ambition may be realised. Don't make an issue of something trivial.

GEMINI, 22nd May—21st June
Something for nothing is hard to find, but many Gemini folk will be discovering bargains this month. Finances, meanwhile, could be eased by wise buying. A friend lets you down, perhaps once too often.

MAKE FRIENDS
ALL OVER THE WORLD

Promote peace and international understanding through friendly contacts to people in foreign countries. We invite you to join Europe's foremost correspondence club

Complete details and 150 photos free.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB
HERMES
BERLIN 11 · BOX 17122 · GERMANY

A PERFECT BUST, HIPLINE & BEAUTIFUL LEGS can be yours

THROW AWAY YOUR PADDED BRAS AND CORSETS—LOVELY WOMEN everywhere praise the FIGURE CULTURE COURSE—

Miss Elizabeth Jackson, Glasgow, writes: "As the result of your course I have won 'Miss Britain 1966' title, 'Miss Scotland' title, Television's 'Holiday Girl' and the 'Miss Health and Beauty' and other major contests. You have my grateful thanks."

BE A REAL YOU! Recommended and approved by Doctors:

PERFECT FIGURE BEAUTY IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME IN ONLY A FEW MONTHS —No drugs, appliances or special garments.

If you are 16 or over—send only a 4d. stamp and full name and address for FREE PARTICULARS from:

The Lady Consultant, Dept. S.2., THE PHYSICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, 24 Holwood Road, Bromley, Kent.

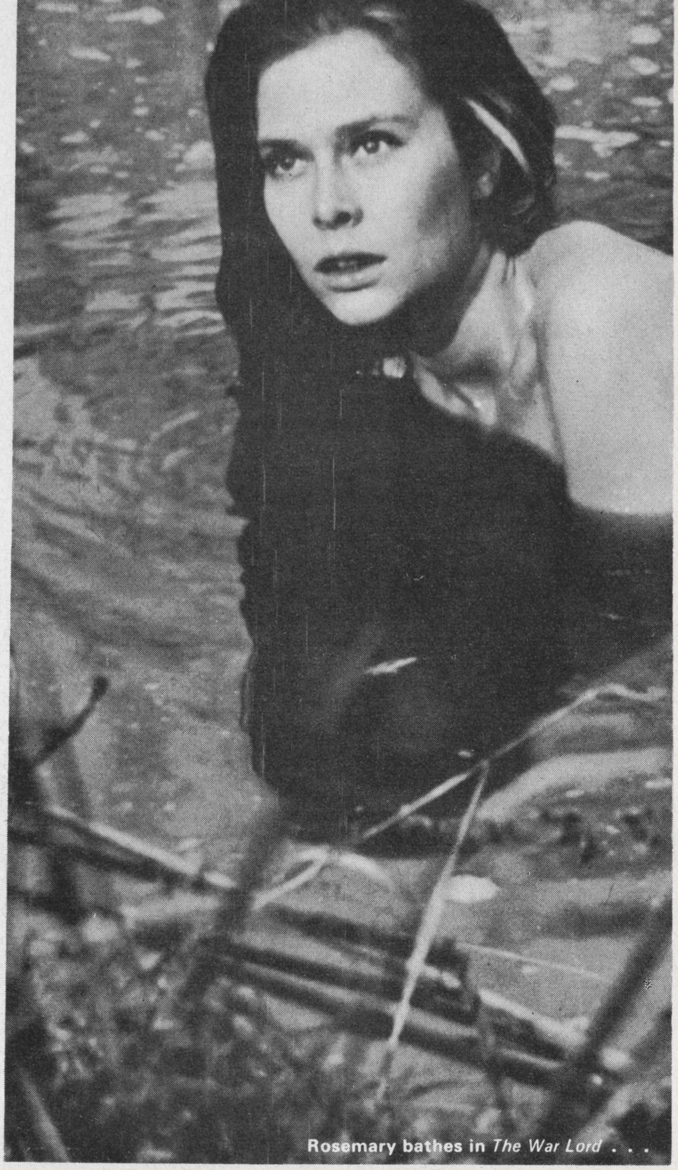
PENFRIENDS

of all ages wanted for correspondence with others at home and abroad. Send a Stamped addressed envelope for full details to:

The Pen Society,
Dept. E.36,
Chorley, Lancs.

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW?

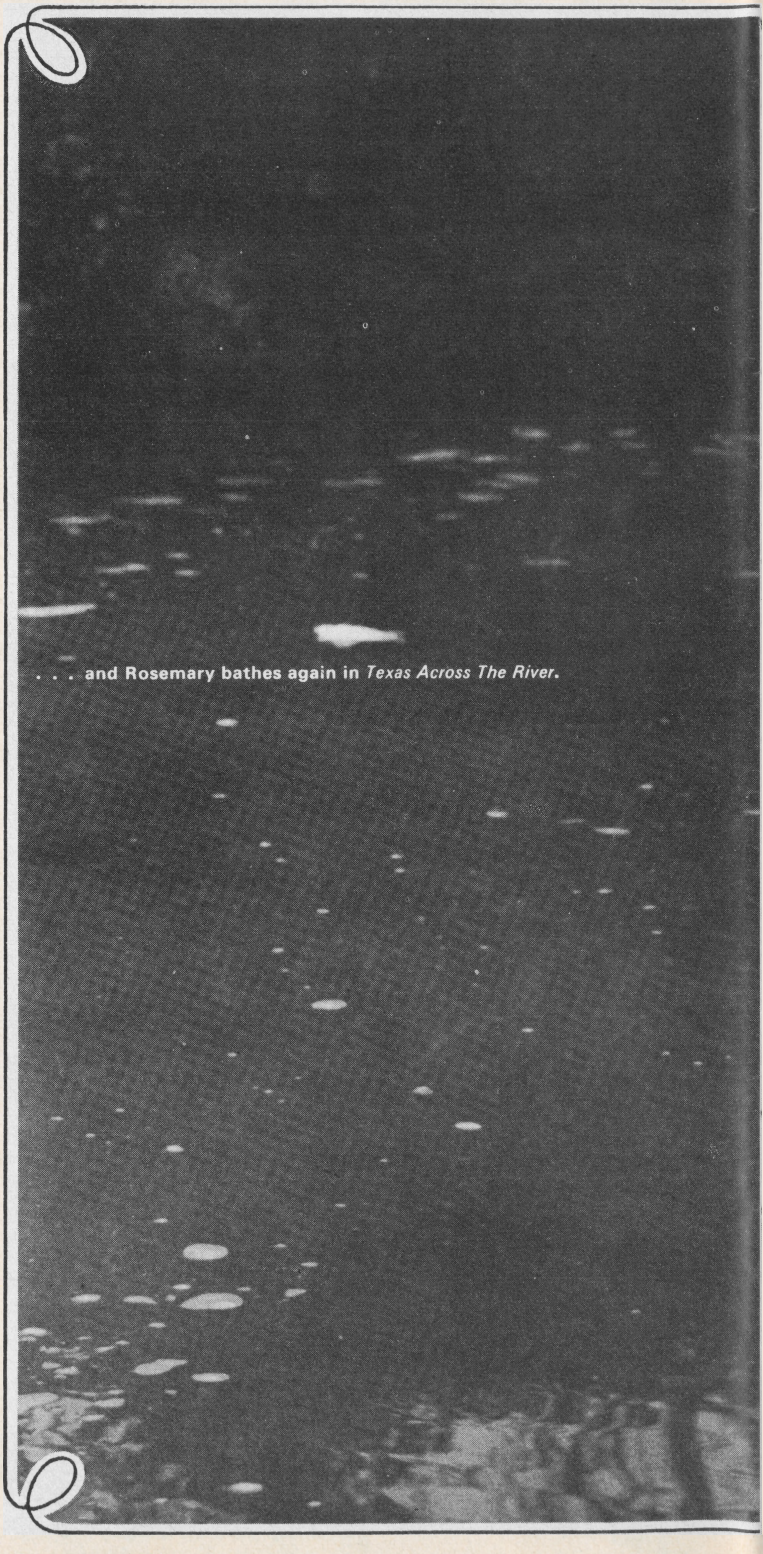
Despite her short romantic screen career, Hayley Mills must be the most photographed kisser in the bussing business. Remember all those much-headlined "first kiss" photos with Michael Anderson, Jnr. in *In Search Of The Castaways*; Peter McEnery in *The Moonspinners*; James McArthur in *The Truth About Spring*; Ian McShane in *Sky West And Crooked* . . . Now in *Pretty Polly*, she succumbs again. No wonder, since her handsome co-star is Shashi Kapoor, the biggest success in India since Bombay Duck. At 29, Shashi is India's top screen idol, He gets upwards of 5,000 fan-letters a month, makes at least six films at once, and has just committed himself to 22 more films in the next four years. But ssh—Shashi is married to an English actress, and they have two sons.



Rosemary bathes in *The War Lord* . . .

Have you ever had that feeling...

“I’ve Been



. . . and Rosemary bathes again in *Texas Across The River*.

Once upon a time there was an actress in Hollywood called Rosemary Forsyth. Scots-Canadian she was, which seemed to be a pretty good combination. In the Grace Kelly tradition, they said. And they were right. So they put her under contract. She made a spirited Western called *Shenandoah* and the star, James Stewart, drawled an opinion that she had the stuff of stardom in her.

Next they took her further back into history and co-starred her with Hollywood’s No. 1 warrior in chain-mail, Charlton Heston. The film was *The War Lord*, set in the 11th century. And so it was decided that Rosemary should have the screen’s first 11th century-type bath. In the river, of course. And Heston could happen by in mid-swim. And she wouldn’t have her clothes handy. Oh, such fun! Now there’s a saying in Hollywood: “If a scene’s worth doing, it’s worth doing twice . . .”

And that’s how Rosemary, in her third film, *Texas Across The River*, comes to be thrown (in the nude, naturally) into the river once more. This time it is Dean Martin who tarries by during mid-swim. And with him being leery Matt Helm and this being a comedy-Western and all . . . you’ve guessed it, he offers Rosie his blanket. Funnier still—the blanket falls short of the chilly miss. And wildly hysterical this, Dino strides into the river to help her.

It’s all good, clean fun—couldn’t be cleaner, of course. Except that, well . . . it looks astonishingly like the same river to us. The same bank. No doubt there’s the same wardrobe lady standing by with the spare flesh-coloured swim-suit. And the same technician with the hose-pipe and the thermometer, keeping the “river” water warm, lest Rosemary should catch a chill and hold up production. For that would never do.

Here Before"

PINEWOOD NEWSLETTER:

It takes guts to spend a million, says Mr Brynner

YUL BRYNNER sat on the sidelines of the cameras as they rolled on the set of his latest film, *The Long Duel*. Co-star Trevor Howard was being directed by Ken Annakin. Brynner finished a cigarette and flicked it away and said: "I can tell them a mile away . . . the free loaders of life. They contribute nothing to anyone or anything. I've seen them all. They run right through society. Too many of them. They come from the top and the bottom of the ladder of whatever they are in.

"And the good people all around carry them. That's the trouble. They should be got rid of for good."

He was speaking plain, clear words on dedication. Dedication to a job; to life. Brynner, star of many great films, is also an ambassador of the world, often representing the United Nations.

"I cannot," he intoned, "stand people earning good money when they are incapable of doing the job in hand. Because I know there are people who *can* do the jobs efficiently but are not getting the chance. I want good talent in any job to get the breaks instead of the useless."

Brynner does not just preach. He is the real professional. Some say he is distant. An enigma. But when he works no one has to spell out the rules to him.

Brynner at 46 is a strong, fit man of the world. He makes films everywhere and lives in Switzerland. When he travels it is with an entourage, led by an ex-British Foreign Office diplomat Walter Lees. His wife, Doris, and four-year-old daughter, Victoria, are by his side. And accompanying him everywhere is his vast dressing-room caravan with scores of features not seen in most mansions. When he is not shooting, he works in the 'van', dealing with what Lees calls "the Brynner Empire".

Brynner, solemnly devoted to everything he does in any film, is singularly dedicated to *The Long Duel*. "A lot of good British money has gone into this film," he said. "Money that has been put in during times of national economic crisis. I'm proud to be part of it.

"It took a lot of guts to spend a million on this picture and I know the hard times and heartaches it took to get this film moving. You can't make films of this scope on a back lot any more; you can't fool the public that way now.

"I respect the public's taste and knowledge. When I travel around the world, either working as an artist or for the refugees with the United Nations, I observe the power and influence a film can have on the public—and the power and influence the public can have on the film."

His eyes penetrate deeply; if he's looking at you 50 feet or more away, you know it. In a discussion, he listens closely and makes acute comments and criticisms. If he's annoyed he can swear like a veteran trooper—the expletives carry a touch of class, as if the words should be included in every dictionary.

"I'm hard put to tolerate discussions which have taken place not once but a hundred times before. Smart Alecs are a dime a dozen; they get no one just nowhere. I like to see the young ones get the right opportunities; they're the ones who are going to carry on into the future and, in turn, prepare the next generation."

YUL BRYNNER with young VIRGINIA NORTH in *The Long Duel*. And Brynner comments: "I've seen the young girls in this film (Charlotte Rampling, Virginia North and Imogen Hassell) get a stack of good publicity and nothing gives me greater pleasure. Everything they do must be good for the film and their comrades—and that makes me happy."

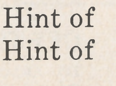
Get that glint with
Hint of a Tint

–the first shampoo to brighten your hair

Fun to put a sparkle, a glint of colour in your hair. Hint of a Tint by Inecto is a wonderful shampoo. Its fast-action conditioner makes your hair spanking clean, soft and shiny yet easy to manage. Its clever brightening action highlights each strand without ever changing your natural colour. Bring up your hair's real brightness with Hint of Honey, Hint of Gold, Hint of Chestnut, Hint of Copper or Hint of Silver (specially for grey hair)–today.

For just 1/3d. a sachet.

...with love to your hair
INECTO



INECTO HOUSE, 27 DOVER ST., LONDON, W.1. TEL: HYDE PARK 7541

U.S. OLYMPIC
NECKING TEA

What has Nancy Sinatra got to say about her dad stardom image men?

read next month's Showtime

'It's decent pay and you're well treated'

—that's how Trooper David Jones, 22, from Birmingham, feels about the Army, David, who is now with The Queen's Own Hussars, drives all kinds of vehicles—from Land-Rovers and 3-tonners up to an 11-ton Saladin armoured car. As he says, 'I joined to do things you can't do in Civvy Street'

GET THE FACTS—STRAIGHT FROM A SOLDIER!

TO: ARMY CAREERS MP6(A), LANSDOWNE HOUSE, LONDON W.1
Please send me a *free* Army leaflet

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
TOWN ....
COUNTY .... DATE OF BIRTH ....

M55041802 *(You must be resident in the UK, aged 15 for Junior Entry, 17 or over for the Regular Army)*

DISCS

FROM page 32

The Mindbenders have a lot to recommend them. Ric Rothwell is considered one of the finest group drummers in the country; Bob Lang can handle the bass better than most; and Eric Stewart is a wizard with the guitar. The group's new album, ***With Woman In Mind*** (*Fontana*), justifies all the praise that has been heaped upon them. The LP is professionally put together and fresh in its approach. Most of the songs are new to me but *Honey And Wine* (about the facts of life), *Schoolgirl* (she has seven GCEs and a great passion for learning!), *To Be Or Not To Be* (about a fickle girl who can't make up her mind), and many of the others, are great fun.

There are some old favourites on Ronnie Aldrich's new album, ***Two Pianos In Hollywood*** (*Decca*). On side one you will find the beautiful Charlie Chaplin number, *Limelight; Lara's Theme* from *Dr. Zhivago;* and the *Mary Poppins* song, *Chim Chim Cher-ee*. Side two kicks off with the more recent film melody, *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf*, but it soon falls back on more established movie melodies: *The Moulin Rouge Theme; The Apartment;* and *Lawrence Of Arabia*.

As always, Aldrich's style is immaculate. There are few frills; he prefers to let the melodies speak for themselves. And they do—to great effect.

I can imagine fans of the Walker Brothers raving about their new LP, ***Images*** (*Philips*). The songs are good, the backings suitably lush and the boys are in good form. Side one begins with *Everything Under The Sun* and *Once Upon A Summertime*. Then come my favourite tracks, *Experience* and *Blueberry Hill*.

SUSAN DELL

SUDDENLY IT WAS MURDER

...he had hardly noticed his daughter, or the crowd she mixed with—the kids who lived for sex, for kicks, for anything that could shock or shatter the smug complacency of parents too busy to care. Then came the shot in the night and she was involved, and two generations were caught up together in a struggle of life and death.

The Rank Organisation Presents a **DE GRUNWALD** Production

JAMES **MASON** · GERALDINE **CHAPLIN** · BOBBY **DARIN**

STRANGER IN THE HOUSE

by GEORGES SIMENON

X **EASTMAN COLOUR**

Produced by Dimitri de Grunwald · Directed by Pierre Rouve

AND

STEWART **GRANGER**
SUSAN **HAMPSHIRE**
ROBERT **MORLEY**

When you see this sign –

▲

RUN... RUN... RUN for your life!

THE TRYGON FACTOR

TECHNICOLOR® X

WITH CATHLEEN **NESBITT** EDDI **ARENT** and
JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE as 'Sir John'

Screenplay by DERRY QUINN and STANLEY MUNRO

Produced by BRIAN TAYLOR · Directed by CYRIL FRANKEL

DISTRIBUTION

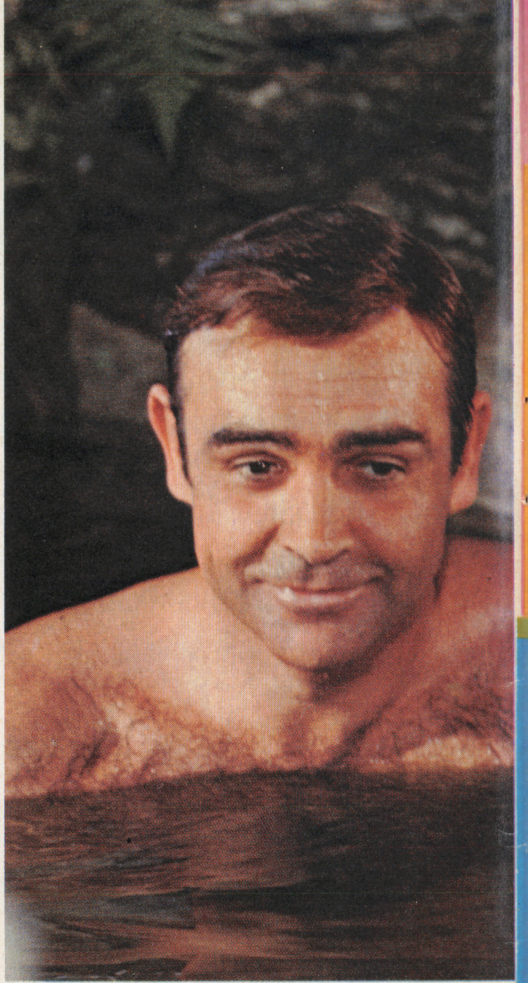
A RIALTO FILM PREBEN PHILIPSEN PRODUCTION

NORTH LONDON & PRINCIPAL CITIES from JULY 2nd
SOUTH LONDON from JULY 9th

John Webster takes a look at

the new BOND adventure and asks an all-important question

WHO CAN TAKE OVER FROM CONNERY?



Although "Cubby" Broccoli and Harry Saltzman are reluctant to admit it, they have a problem. A king-sized problem. It is this: who will replace Sean Connery as James Bond.

"Cubby" and Harry's troubles began when Sean threatened to leave after the third Bond adventure. Ever since he has hinted that he intended to drop 007—and now he has finally done it. *You Only Live Twice* is definitely his last appearance as Ian Fleming's famous spy hero. Indeed, he had hardly torn the Bond hair-piece from his balding dome before he'd made this quite clear. And, frankly, who can blame him?

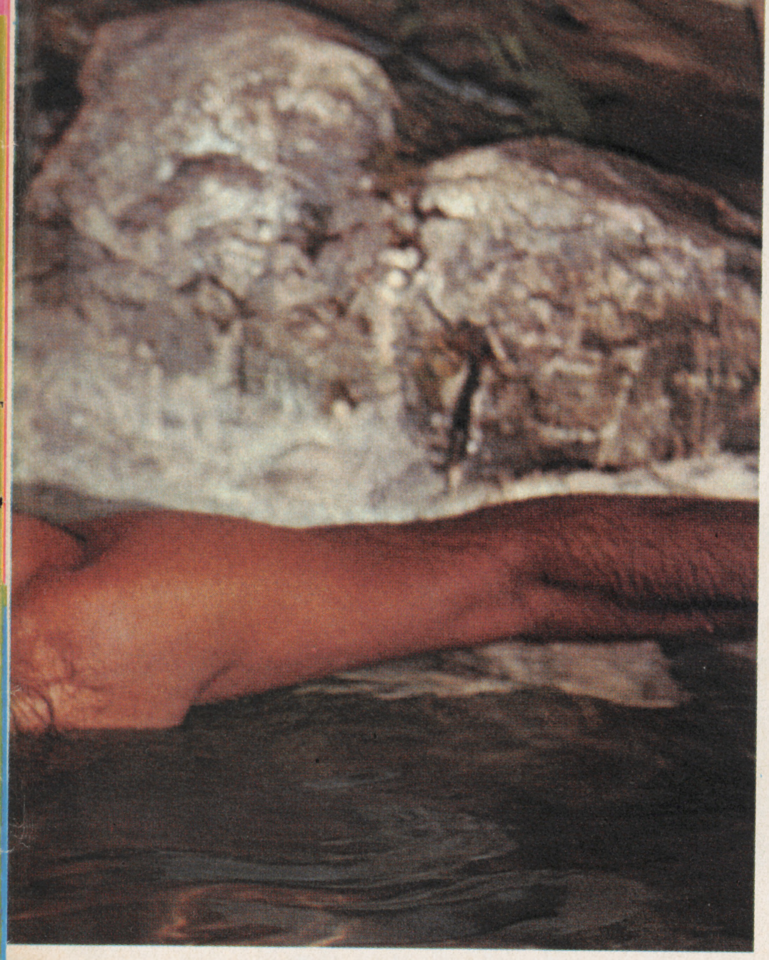
It was inevitable that one day Connery would want to put the lid on the laconic, lady-loving secret agent and no one should be surprised that the time has now come. After all, he's made a mint; he's enjoyed himself; and, because of the role, he's an established star.

"I want to get away completely and break new ground," Sean now says. He'll probably do very well, too—although, ironically, no matter how good he is, it is highly unlikely he will ever reach the same level of popularity he has achieved with Bond.

Sean won't shed any tears over that. But where does it leave "Cubby" and Harry?

The answer depends entirely on who they pick to take over the role.

To begin with, they must choose someone who will play the part in a



completely different style and manner to Connery. Any actor who tries to imitate him will be doomed to disaster. Sean was too good at it. He moulded the character perfectly and the part became so much a part of him that even he admitted he could "walk through the Bond films."

It would also be a mistake to cast an unknown. True, Sean himself wasn't a star when he was first chosen for the Bond epics. But, remember, the films were fresh to the public. They were something new. Since *Dr. No* so many gadgets and gimmicks, as well as girls, have been poured into each drama that the public is now becoming more difficult to please. Each 007 production has aimed to surpass the last in terms of excitement, spectacle and drama. But surely they have now gone just about as far as they dare; the new 007 will have to make more of a *personal* impact, relying less than ever before on the gadgets and gimmicks.

In my view, no matter how good an unknown might be, he couldn't possibly fail to be something of an anti-climax. There would be very little public interest. On the other hand, if "Cubby" and Harry pick an established star, the interest would be great. And for this reason: everyone would be fascinated to see what he made of the celebrated spy hero.

When considering star names, the two producers have learned it is not that easy to find a man who is willing to take over the Bond part. Actors

TURN page

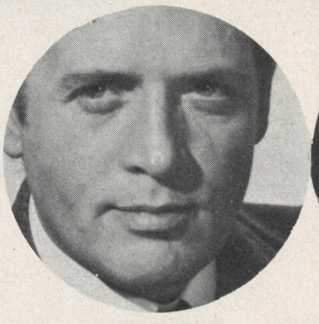
ACTION! James Bond keeps it up non-stop — whether in a nip-bath, at the wedding altar, or via his handy automatic. The film is *You Only Live Twice*, the fifth, the best and the most expensive 007 saga. And Sean Connery's last. He says you only live once, and it's too much to be Bond all that time! So he really pulls the stops out in his final fling as the most popular secret agent of them all.

The place: Japan. His mission: Prevent World War III—and be back in time for cocktails. No easy task, but as long as there are some girls *en route*, our hero will try anything once. Or twice.

SPECTRE is behind the trouble, of course. Their Japanese outlet this time. They have devised a method of outer-space hi-jacking—and steal US and Russian space capsules in mid-orbit. Predictably, the US blame the USSR and vice versa — while deep down in their volcanic headquarters, the SPECTRE boys gloat as they bring the two giant nations to the brink of war.

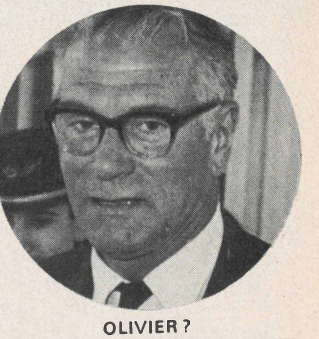
WHO CAN TAKE OVER FROM CONNERY?

FROM previous page



McGOOHAN?

MASON?



OLIVIER?

seem reluctant to gamble on a role that has become so strongly associated with another star. Even Frank Sinatra—who, at one time, was considered—didn't want to know. "Who can follow Connery?" he said. "I don't think anyone can—successfully."

I do not agree. I think it *is* possible for the shrewd and persuasive producers to find a star who can set them on the million-dollar trail once again. Indeed, the 007 films need to make a fresh impact—a new name could help them do it.

The question is: Who will have the daring and the imagination to take over James Bond?

Patrick McGoohan? He would be excellent. However, one of the problems is that McGoohan has a thing about embracing on the screen; he simply refuses to do it. And who can imagine a James Bond who doesn't kiss the gorgeous girls that come into his life? *I can!* I think it would be a great gimmick. After all, the next Bond book is written by Kingsley Amis, so the 007 image might be in for a change.

Or James Mason? With his tremendous range as an actor, his dry sense of humour and his great sense of fun, he would make a marvellous 007. His Bond would be the most subtle.

There are other actors who would be a huge hit in the part. Paul Newman is one. Stanley Baker is another. So is Peter O'Toole. And Richard Johnson.

Add to that list one actor who could do it better than anyone. Yet he is probably the last man "Cubby" and Harry would consider—if only because they imagine he wouldn't be interested. There is, of course, just a chance he'd jump at the idea.

The man? Sir Laurence Olivier.

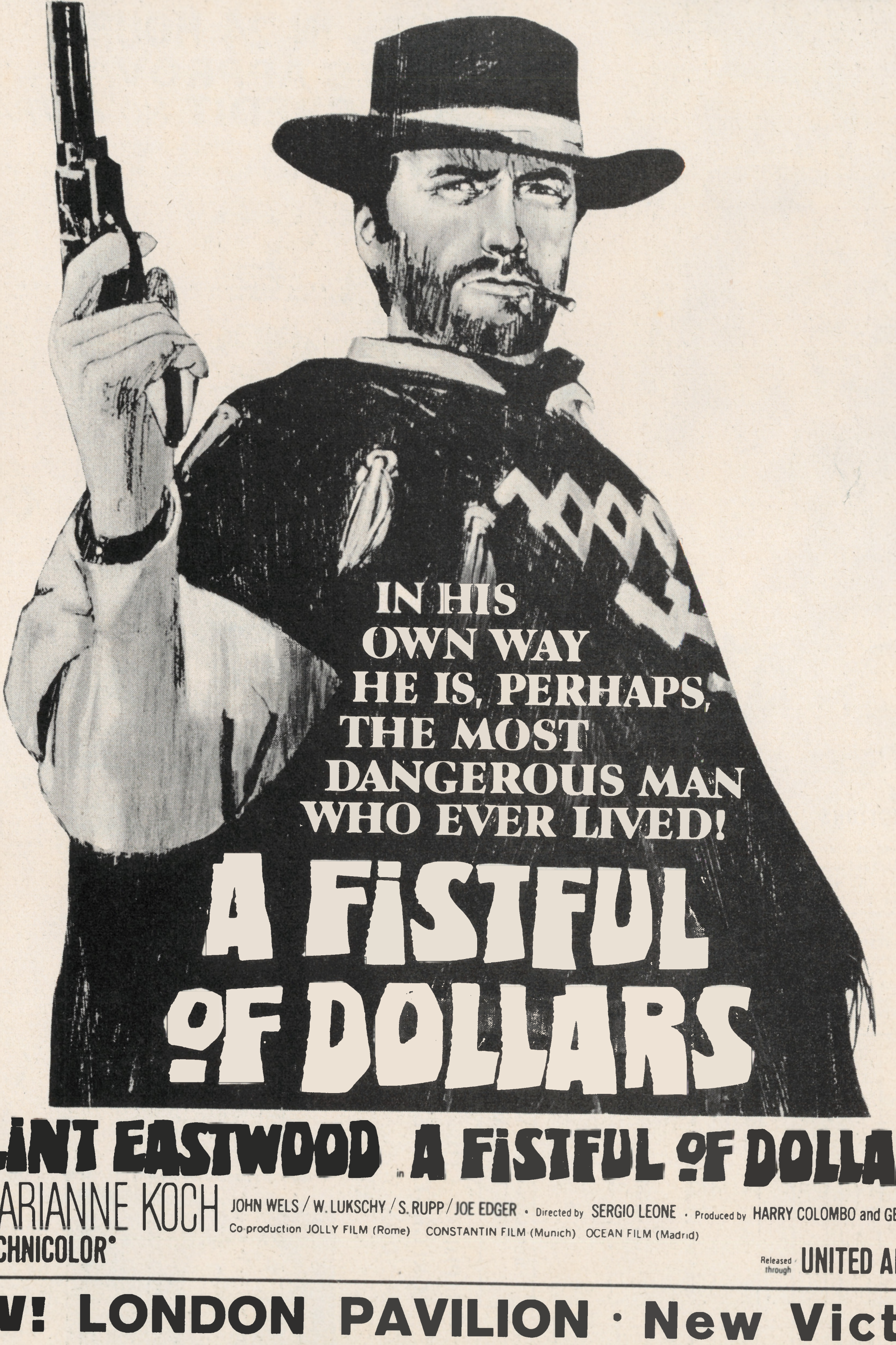
And I'm not joking!

Who would you cast? Send your new 007-star ideas on a postcard please, to: John Webster, Showtime, Furnival House, 14-18 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

This is the man with no name. Danger fits him like a tight black glove!

He triggers trouble –wherever he goes!

He makes no friends–a few enemies a few dollars–and none of them last!



IN HIS OWN WAY HE IS, PERHAPS, THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN WHO EVER LIVED!

A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS

CLINT EASTWOOD in **A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS** X

With MARIANNE KOCH

JOHN WELS / W. LUKSCHY / S. RUPP / JOE EDGER · Directed by SERGIO LEONE · Produced by HARRY COLOMBO and GEORGE PAPI

Co-production JOLLY FILM (Rome) CONSTANTIN FILM (Munich) OCEAN FILM (Madrid)

Print by TECHNICOLOR®

Released through UNITED ARTISTS

NOW! LONDON PAVILION · New Victoria

PICCADILLY CIRCUS · GER: 2982

OPPOSITE VICTORIA STATION · VIC: 2544

GENERAL RELEASE and at PRINCIPAL CITIES

Produced and published for Rank Theatres Ltd., 1967 by Sackville Publishing Ltd., Furnival House, 14-18 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and printed by Smeets-Safran, Web-Offset Printing Co., The Netherlands. © Rank Theatres Ltd., 1967

FIRST ▲ FOLD — CUT OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT ALONG DOTTED RULE — SECOND ▲ FOLD — FLAP 'A'

Saphena
OF REGENT STREET

Precious DIAMOND RINGS

A diamond is for ever

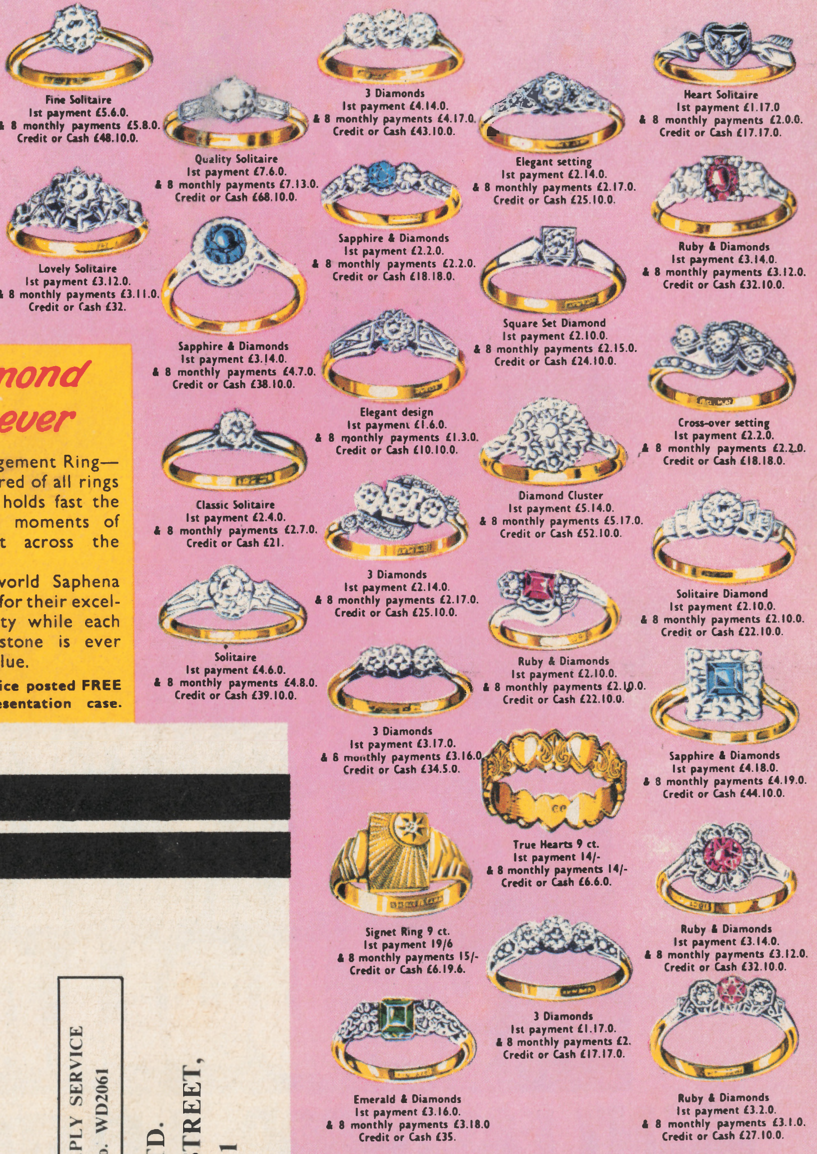
A Saphena Engagement Ring—the most treasured of all rings—captures and holds fast the most cherished moments of your life right across the years ahead.

All over the world Saphena Rings are famed for their excellence and beauty while each precious gem stone is ever increasing its value.

Ring of your choice posted FREE in beautiful presentation case.

YOURS IN 24 HOURS
7 DAYS APPROVAL
FREE CREDIT *NO EXTRAS*

NO DEPOSIT ✱ DELIVERY ON FIRST PAYMENT
8 MONTHS TO PAY ✱ FREE INSURANCE ✱ 10 STAR GUARANTEE



Fine Solitaire
Ist payment £5.6.0.
& 8 monthly payments £5.8.0.
Credit or Cash £48.10.0.

Lovely Solitaire
Ist payment £3.12.0.
& 8 monthly payments £3.11.0.
Credit or Cash £32.

Quality Solitaire
Ist payment £7.6.0.
& 8 monthly payments £7.13.0.
Credit or Cash £68.10.0.

Sapphire & Diamonds
Ist payment £3.14.0.
& 8 monthly payments £4.7.0.
Credit or Cash £38.10.0.

Classic Solitaire
Ist payment £2.4.0.
& 8 monthly payments £2.7.0.
Credit or Cash £21.

Solitaire
Ist payment £4.6.0.
& 8 monthly payments £4.8.0.
Credit or Cash £39.10.0.

3 Diamonds
Ist payment £4.14.0.
& 8 monthly payments £4.17.0.
Credit or Cash £43.10.0.

Sapphire & Diamonds
Ist payment £2.2.0.
& 8 monthly payments £2.2.0.
Credit or Cash £18.18.0.

Elegant design
Ist payment £1.6.0.
& 8 monthly payments £1.3.0.
Credit or Cash £10.10.0.

3 Diamonds
Ist payment £2.14.0.
& 8 monthly payments £2.17.0.
Credit or Cash £25.10.0.

3 Diamonds
Ist payment £3.17.0.
& 8 monthly payments £3.16.0.
Credit or Cash £34.5.0.

Signet Ring 9 ct.
Ist payment 19/6
& 8 monthly payments 15/-
Credit or Cash £6.19.6.

Emerald & Diamonds
Ist payment £3.16.0.
& 8 monthly payments £3.18.0
Credit or Cash £35.

Elegant setting
Ist payment £2.14.0.
& 8 monthly payments £2.17.0.
Credit or Cash £25.10.0.

Square Set Diamond
Ist payment £2.10.0.
& 8 monthly payments £2.15.0.
Credit or Cash £24.10.0.

Diamond Cluster
Ist payment £5.14.0.
& 8 monthly payments £5.17.0.
Credit or Cash £52.10.0.

Ruby & Diamonds
Ist payment £2.10.0.
& 8 monthly payments £2.10.0.
Credit or Cash £22.10.0.

True Hearts 9 ct.
Ist payment 14/-
& 8 monthly payments 14/-
Credit or Cash £6.6.0.

3 Diamonds
Ist payment £1.17.0.
& 8 monthly payments £2.
Credit or Cash £17.17.0.

Heart Solitaire
Ist payment £1.17.0
& 8 monthly payments £2.0.0.
Credit or Cash £17.17.0.

Ruby & Diamonds
Ist payment £3.14.0.
& 8 monthly payments £3.12.0.
Credit or Cash £32.10.0.

Cross-over setting
Ist payment £2.2.0.
& 8 monthly payments £2.2.0.
Credit or Cash £18.18.0.

Solitaire Diamond
Ist payment £2.10.0.
& 8 monthly payments £2.10.0.
Credit or Cash £22.10.0.

Sapphire & Diamonds
Ist payment £4.18.0.
& 8 monthly payments £4.19.0.
Credit or Cash £44.10.0.

Ruby & Diamonds
Ist payment £3.14.0.
& 8 monthly payments £3.12.0.
Credit or Cash £32.10.0.

Ruby & Diamonds
Ist payment £3.2.0.
& 8 monthly payments £3.1.0.
Credit or Cash £27.10.0.

BarclayCard holders are welcome

POSTAL INSTRUCTIONS

1 Write your name and address in block capitals.

2 Cut out the whole of this folder along the dotted lines.

3 Fold as indicated and tuck flap 'A' into flap 'B'

4 Ensure that SAPHENA'S address appears outside and post now. (No stamp required).

Send me FREE illustrated brochure without obligation to purchase.

NAME

ADDRESS

SW 23

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY SAPHENA LTD.

NO STAMP REQUIRED IF POSTED IN GREAT BRITAIN OR NORTHERN IRELAND

BUSINESS REPLY SERVICE
Licence No. WD2061

SAPHENA LTD.
74 REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.1

CHOICE OF A LIFETIME
Saphena
OF REGENT STREET

Largest and finest selection as shown in our FREE Illustrated Brochure

Special facilities for overseas customers and H.M. Forces.

POST TODAY SEND NO MONEY

FIRST ▼ FOLD — SECOND ▼ FOLD — FLAP 'B'